



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

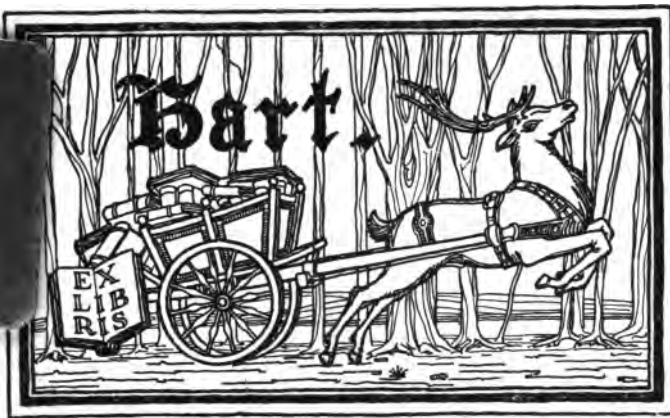
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

The Home and Country Reader's Book I



Edinet 759 18 500



Albert Bushnell Bart

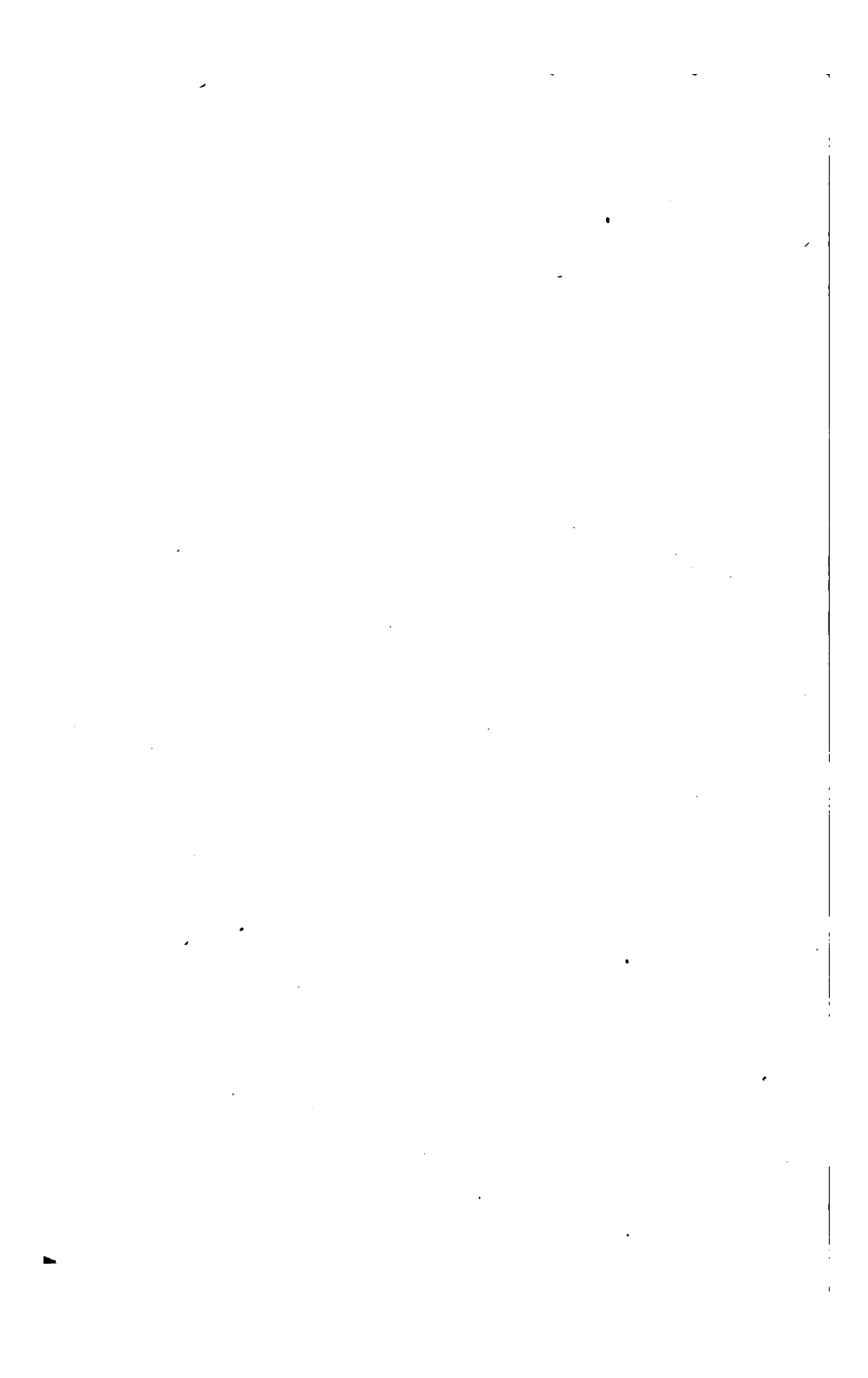
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE GIFT OF
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
OF CAMBRIDGE



3 2044 081 500 407



**THE HOME AND COUNTRY
READERS**

BOOK ONE

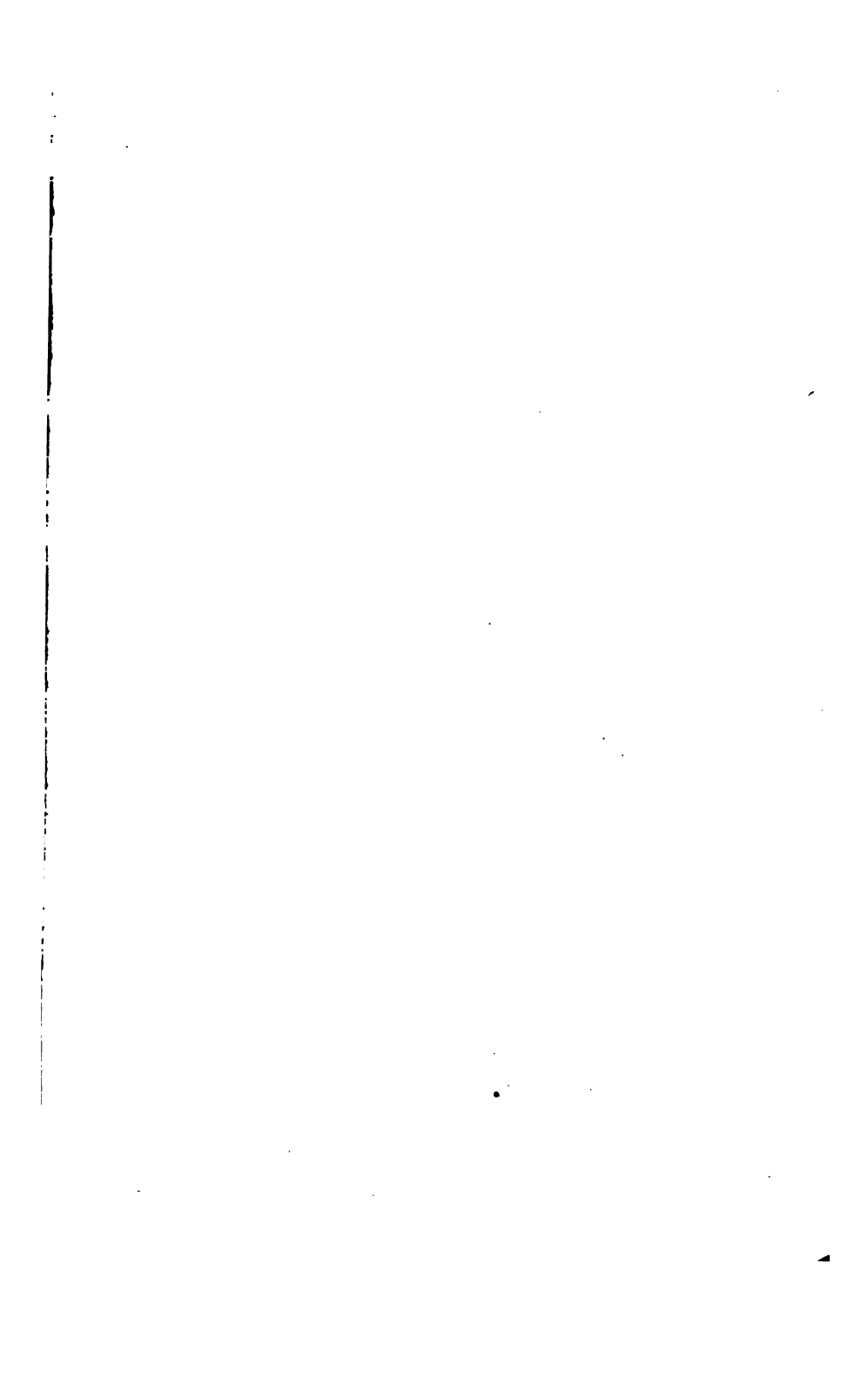
The Home and Country Readers

BOOK I, 65 cents

BOOK II, 65 cents

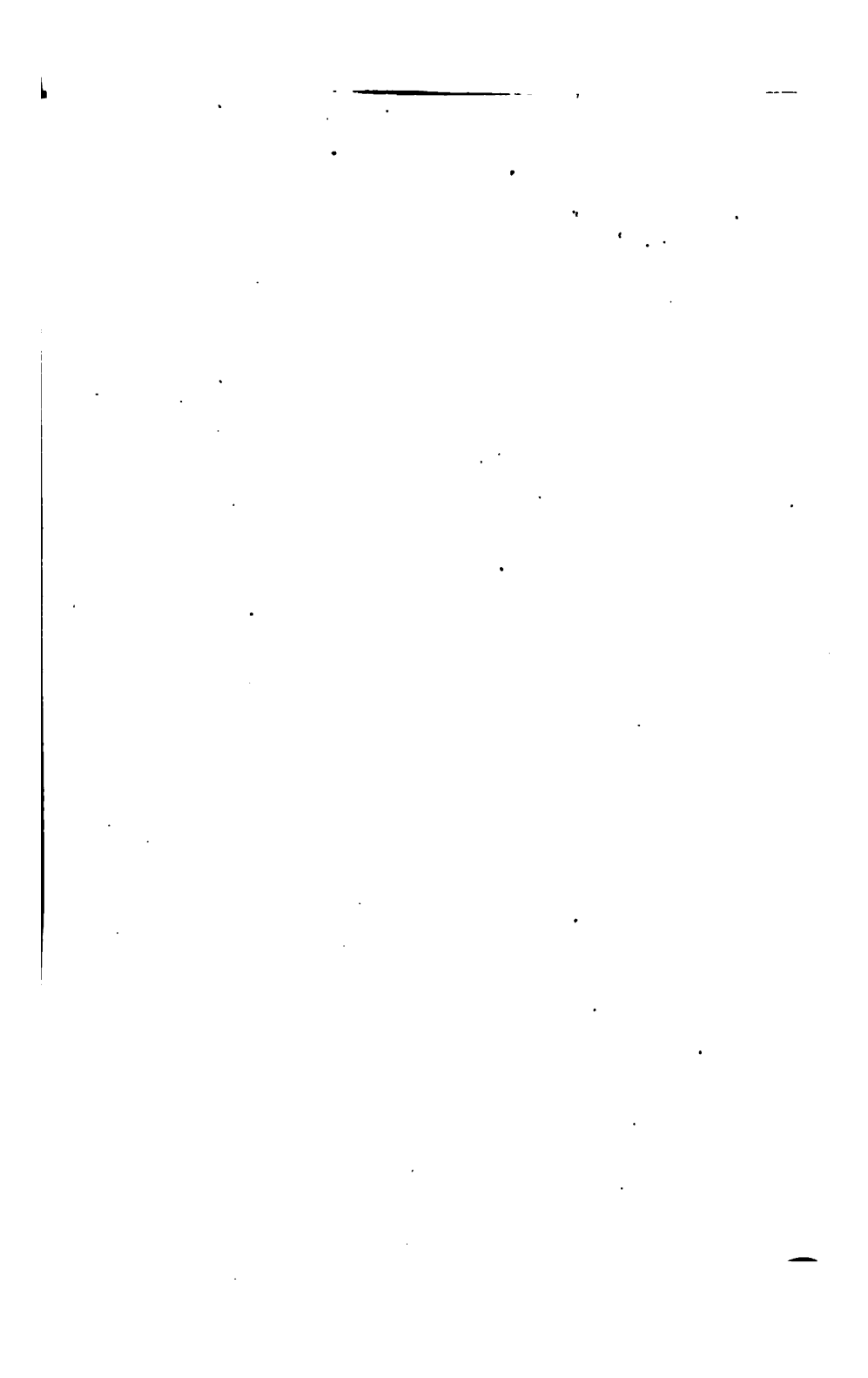
BOOK III, 65 cents

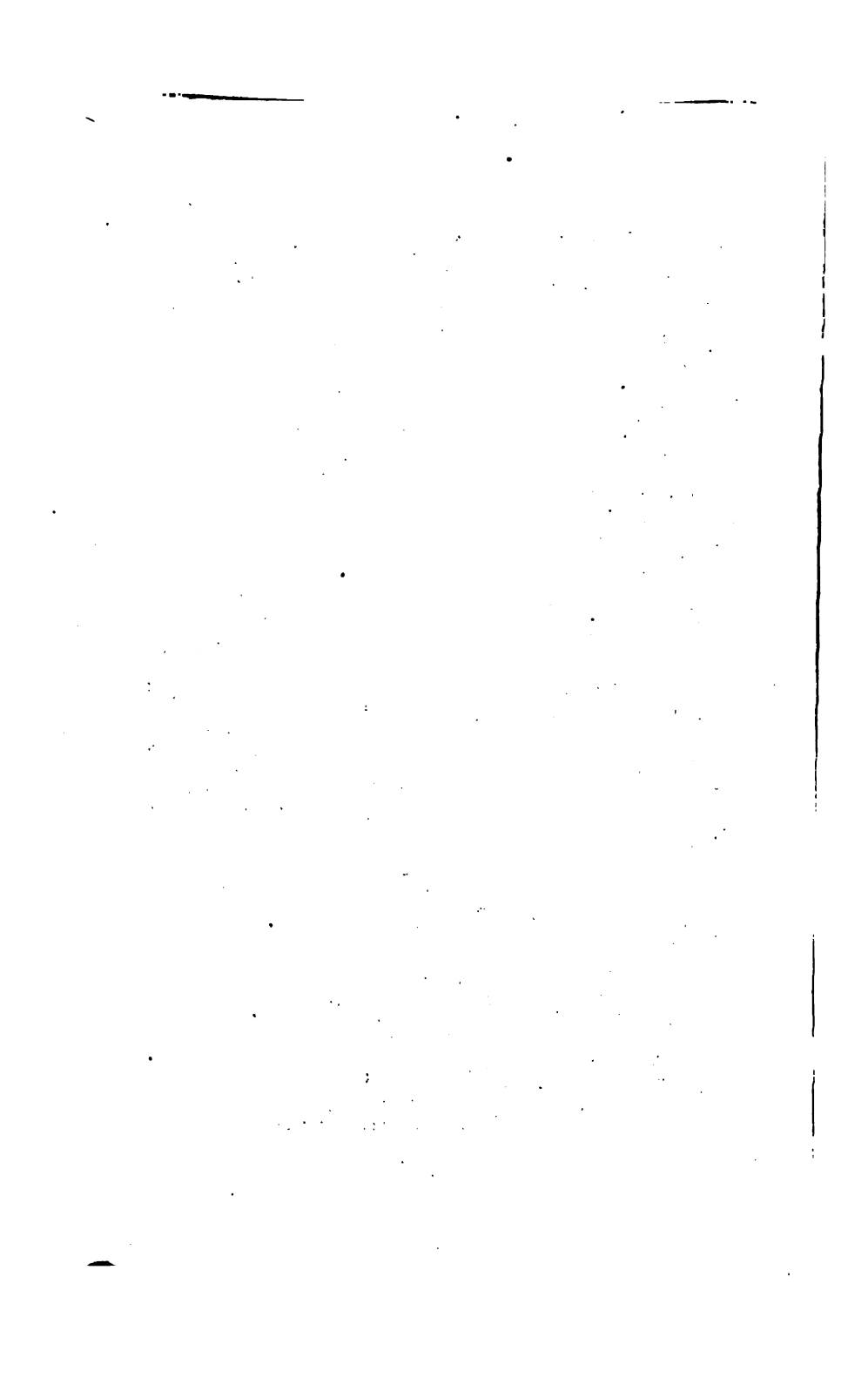
BOOK IV, 65 cents





THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON





THE HOME AND COUNTRY READERS

BOOK ONE

BY

MARY A. LASELLE

OF THE NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, HIGH SCHOOLS

AUTHOR OF "DRAMATIZATIONS OF SCHOOL CLASSICS"

"VOCATIONS FOR GIRLS", "THE YOUNG WOMAN WORKER"

WITH A FOREWORD BY

DR. FRANK E. SPAULDING

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO



BOSTON AND CHICAGO
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1918

✓
Edu T. 759.18.500

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
DEC 5 1923

Copyright, 1918,
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

All rights reserved

Norwood Press
Set up and electrotyped by J. S. Cushing Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

FOREWORD

THE presentation of a collection of special literature such as that contained in the Home and Country Readers would be opportune at any time ; it is doubly opportune just now. The need of educating and intensifying an appreciation of the home as a universal institution absolutely essential to the well-being of individuals and the soundness of our national life ; the need of a re-birth of devotion, of resolute determination such as once enveloped and established at untold sacrifice those principles of liberty, equality, justice, fraternity, and human progress which are the very foundation of our democracy ; these needs are more clearly and adequately recognized to-day than they have been at any time in a generation. To meet these needs the Home and Country Readers are admirably adapted.

Appreciation of Home and Country requires the education of the heart. The feelings must be aroused, the emotions must be stirred, the will must be challenged, in support of the ideals of Home and Country. Such is the peculiar function of the literature of inspiration that these books present. This literature, which forms the larger part of the collection, finds appropriate accompaniment in the highest book of the series in several selections of practical information by foremost authorities on the building, furnishing, managing, and hygiene of the home.

I foresee a double service that these books may render. They may be used advantageously in grammar grades, in intermediate or junior high schools; in pre-vocational and vocational schools; in short, in any type of school enrolling boys and girls of ten to sixteen years of age: but they may also be used with equal advantage in schools and classes whose function it is to instruct adult foreigners. It is, indeed, important that our adult foreign residents acquire literacy; but it is far more important that they be taught to appreciate, to espouse, to support loyally the ideals of the nation that is affording them a livelihood, protection, and priceless advantages and opportunities.

The long, varied, and always eminently successful experience that the author of the collection and compiler of the literature of these Readers has enjoyed; her own keen and loyal appreciation of Home and Country that she here presents; her pedagogic wisdom and instructional skill, give ample assurance concerning all important details of gradation, arrangement, and presentation.

—FRANK E. SPAULDING.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL, 1918.

PREFACE

THE Home and Country Readers are textbooks in patriotism.

The purpose of the Home and Country Readers is to quicken and intensify love and appreciation of Home and of America by presenting to pupils:

(a) Literature that describes home life and home friends with charm and distinction ;

(b) Inspiring stories and poems upon American Ideals as they are symbolized in the American Flag and as they influence daily life ;

(c) Dramatizations : Scenes that suggest the good home as the institution upon which civilization is based.

(d) Interesting and significant stories and poems of Outdoor Life.

One of the most hopeful signs of modern times is the quickening of an American spirit that is intensely loyal, having abounding hope and faith in American institutions, and that yet is very humble, in view of the tremendous opportunities and responsibilities of America in the great World Family.

The strongest of America's bulwarks is the American Home. It is the Home, also, that is a beacon light, shining serenely and steadily in the midst of the fog

and vapors caused by doubts, perplexities and questionings.

It is the hope of the compiler of this series of Home and Country Readers that by presenting Home and America through the word pictures of writers who can charm and stimulate, American boys and girls may be led to feel a greater reverence for their home and country and a greater desire to render them good service.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

GRATEFUL acknowledgment for encouragement and help in preparing this series is given to Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. James R. McDonald, Educational Manager for Messrs. Little, Brown, and Company, and Miss Mabel C. Bragg, Assistant Superintendent of Schools at Newton, Massachusetts.

The selections from Whittier, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Edna Dean Proctor and Anna Hempstead Branch are used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company. "The Boy and the Flag", John Clair Minot, is used through the courtesy of the author and *The Youth's Companion*; "True Bravery", by Charles F. Dole, of D. C. Heath Company; "Sing for Your Own Valley", Kate Douglas Wiggin, of *Good Housekeeping*; "A Brave Lady", from "Two and One", of Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, and "An Indian Victory", from "Teepee Neighbors", of The Four Seas Company.

The following copyrighted selections contained in this book are used through special arrangement with Little, Brown, and Company: "Banner of America", from "Heart Songs and Home Songs", Denis A. McCarthy; "A Timely Jack-o'-Lantern", from "The American History Story-Book", Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball; "The Lights", from "The Child's Harvest of Verse", John Joy Bell; "A Book" from "Poems by Emily Dickinson"; "An Indian Boy's Training", from "Indian Child Life", Charles A. Eastman; "The County Fair", from "Fire-

brands", Frank E. Martin and George M. Davis; "My Little Gentleman", from "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag", Louisa M. Alcott; "The Sick Child", from "The Silver Crown", Laura E. Richards; "Life at Mount Vernon", from "The Child's Book of American History", Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball; "Tad and His Father", F. Lauriston Bullard; "A Day with a Courteous Mother", from "Bits of Talk about Home Matters", Helen Hunt Jackson; "Ben Gets a Place", and "Ben's Birthday", both from "Under the Lilacs", Louisa M. Alcott; "The Old Yellow Leather Book", from "A Great Emergency and Other Tales", Juliana Horatia Ewing; "Chandra's Thread of Luck", from "Chandra in India", Etta Blaisdell McDonald; "A Boy's Remembrance of the Broad Country", from "Martin Hyde", John Masefield; "A Bit of Green", from "Daddy Darwin's Dovecote, and Melchior's Dream", Juliana Horatia Ewing; "A Colossal Friend" from "In Desert and Wilderness", Henryk Sienkiewicz; "When Life was Hard", from "Stories from British History", Thomas Bevan; "Beni's Keeper", from "Boys Who Became Famous Men", Harriet Pearl Skinner.

Thanks are due to Mr. John Alcott for consent to the use of the charming stories by Louisa M. Alcott which contribute so materially to the excellence of this collection.

CONTENTS

BOOK I

	PAGE
FOREWORD <i>Frank E. Spaulding</i>	5
PREFACE	7
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	9
BANNER OF AMERICA <i>Denis A. McCarthy</i>	16
THE RIGHT MORE PRECIOUS THAN PEACE <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	17

HOME LIFE AND HOME PLEASURES

A BRAVE LADY <i>Charlotte M. Vaile</i>	19
THE MOTHER'S STORY <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	26
A TIMELY JACK-O'-LANTERN <i>Albert F. Blaisdell</i> and <i>Francis K. Ball</i>	27
DANIEL WEBSTER'S SCHOOLDAYS <i>Daniel Webster</i>	31
THE LIGHTS <i>John Joy Bell</i>	34
THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON <i>Edward Everett</i>	35
THE NAME OF WASHINGTON <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	37
WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING	37
A TROOP OF THE GUARD RIDES FORTH TO-DAY <i>Hermann Hagedorn</i>	37
THE AMERICAN FLAG <i>Joseph Rodman Drake</i>	38
AN INDIAN BOY'S TRAINING <i>Charles A. Eastman</i> (<i>Ohiyesa</i>)	40
THE SONG OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE <i>Edna Dean Proctor</i>	46
AN INDIAN BOY'S STRATAGEM <i>Grace Coolidge</i>	47
STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE <i>Colonel Lovelace</i>	53

	PAGE
OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS <i>Arthur Chapman</i>	54
THE COUNTY FAIR <i>Frank E. Martin</i> and <i>George M. Davis</i>	55
MY LITTLE GENTLEMAN <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>	61
THE NAME, THE BOY AND THE MAN <i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	70
SONG FOR MY MOTHER <i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i>	72
THE SICK CHILD <i>Laura E. Richards</i>	74
SANTA CLAUS <i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i>	76
THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	78
LIFE AT MOUNT VERNON <i>Albert F. Blaisdell</i> and <i>Francis K. Ball</i>	83
TAD AND HIS FATHER <i>F. Lauriston Bullard</i>	86
LINCOLN'S POWER <i>Henry Watterson</i>	93
FATHER IS COMING. <i>Mary Howitt</i>	94
A DAY WITH A COURTEOUS MOTHER <i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i>	95
COURTESY <i>F. W. Robertson</i> and <i>Cardinal Manning</i>	100
BEN GETS A PLACE <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>	101
BEN'S BIRTHDAY <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>	110
THE HOUSEKEEPER <i>Charles Lamb</i>	118
THE OLD YELLOW LEATHER BOOK <i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i>	119

OUTDOOR LIFE

THE LAND OF THE BLUE FLOWER <i>Frances Hodgson Burnett</i>	127
GREEN THINGS GROWING <i>Dinah Mulock Craik</i>	135
CHANDRA'S THREAD OF LUCK <i>Etta Blaisdell McDonald</i>	136
BRUTE NEIGHBORS <i>Henry D. Thoreau</i>	140
A BOY'S REMEMBRANCE OF THE BROAD COUNTRY <i>John Masefield</i>	152
CLEAR AND COOL <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	153
THE SEASONS <i>Edmund Spenser</i>	154
A BIT OF GREEN <i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i>	155
THE FIRST VIOLETS <i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i>	159

CONTENTS

13

	PAGE
MR. MOON	<i>Bliss Carman</i> 160
MINE HOST OF THE GOLDEN APPLE	<i>Thomas Westwood</i> 163
MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY . . .	<i>Mary Howitt</i> 164
A COLOSSAL FRIEND	<i>Henryk Sienkiewicz</i> 172
A DOG OF FLANDERS	<i>Louise de la Ramée</i> 178
SLEIGHING SONG	<i>Emily H. Miller</i> 199
WINTER ANIMALS	<i>Henry D. Thoreau</i> 200
SPRINGTIME	<i>Robert Browning</i> 205
COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM	<i>Edna Dean Proctor</i> 206
HARK, HARK! THE LARK	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 206
ARIEL'S SONG	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 206

A PEEP INTO THE PAST THROUGH FACT AND FANCY

WHEN LIFE WAS HARD	<i>Thomas Bevan</i> 209
BENI'S KEEPER	<i>Harriet Pearl Skinner</i> 215
COLUMBUS	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> 219
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN (Dramatization)	<i>Robert Browning</i> 221
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN (Poem)	<i>Robert Browning</i> 224
FELLOW LABORERS	<i>Theodore C. Williams</i> 235
EACH AND ALL	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 236

AMERICAN IDEALS

THE DUTY OF AN AMERICAN . . .	<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> 239
THE OLD FLAG FOREVER	<i>Frank L. Stanton</i> 239
THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS . . .	<i>Henry Ward Beecher</i> 240
SOLDIER, REST!	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 241
THE HAPPY MAN	<i>Sir Henry Wotton</i> 241
TRUE BRAVERY	<i>Charles F. Dole</i> 242
FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 242
FOUNDATION STONES OF LIFE 243
HONESTY 243
COURAGE 245
THE BOY AND THE FLAG	<i>John Clair Minot</i> 247

	PAGE
SING FOR YOUR OWN VALLEY . . . <i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>	248
THE LAND OF LIBERTY "Hesperion" . . .	250
TO AMERICA <i>Angela Morgan</i>	251
TRUE PATRIOTISM <i>Rufus Choate</i>	252

SONGS OF HOME AND COUNTRY

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER . . . <i>Francis Scott Key</i>	255
HOME, SWEET HOME! <i>John Howard Payne</i>	256
AMERICA <i>Samuel Francis Smith</i>	257
NOTES	259

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Youth of Washington	<i>Frontispiece in Color</i>
A Brave Lady	22
An Indian Boy's Training	42
An Indian Boy's Stratagem	50
He snatched off his coat and beat back the flames	58
He found a dirty old pocket-book	64
He saw the child smiling at the window	74
"Two poorly-clad Strangers"	78
Quicksilver fills his bowl	82
"In rushed a small boy"	90
"All eyes fastened on the orange"	96
"Ben gave a scientific stroke to the iron-gray nose"	108
Chandra in the Maharajah's Gardens	136
A Colossal Friend	174
A Dog of Flanders	188
True Bravery	242
Sing for Your Own Valley	248

BANNER OF AMERICA

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the Westland!

Banner of a nation great and generous and young!

Banner of a land we deem the dearest and the best
land,

Lights eternal be the stars that shine your folds
among!

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the mountains!

Banner of the prairie-lands outspreading lone and
far!

Banner of the mighty streams, the lakes, the falls,
the fountains —

Love to you, and greeting, every stripe and every
star!

Banner of America! Oh, gonfalon of glory!

Many a soldier son for you has suffered death's
eclipse,

Many a sailor lad whose name is lost to song or story,
Gladly gave his life to see you shine above the ships!

Banner of a freedom that the centuries have sighed for,

Banner of a land that gives the soaring spirit scope,

Ever-sacred symbol of a dream that men have died for,

Wave above a nation where the humblest heart may
hope!

— *Denis A. McCarthy.*

THE HOME AND COUNTRY READERS

BOOK I

THE RIGHT MORE PRECIOUS THAN PEACE

It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

— *Woodrow Wilson.*

HOME LIFE AND HOME PLEASURES

A BRAVE LADY

It happened in our country long ago, in those old days when only a few white people lived here and everything was rough and new. Strong men were at work among the hills, cutting down the trees and planting corn in the new fields, and towns were springing up all along the streams, but still there were many miles of forests where Indians hunted and bears and wolves had their dens.

In one of these forests a clearing had been made by a company of men and women who knew how to work together, and who met all the hard things that came to them without being afraid. In the summer the men built the houses and raised the crops, and in the winter were busy with their axes and guns. The women took care of the houses and spun cloth for the clothes, and the children helped in a thousand ways, or went to school in the little log schoolhouse, and knew that before everything else they must learn their lessons.

They were busy and brave and happy together, the people in this new clearing, and for the most part things went well with them. But one summer a young farmer, who had been one of the stoutest workers of them all, fell sick with a fever. There was no doctor there, and though the neighbors did all they could for

him, and his young wife nursed him with the tenderest care, days lengthened into weeks and he grew no better.

At last his heart began to fail. He thought he should never get well, and he longed to see his brother, who lived more than fifty miles away, but who would come to him if he knew his need.

And now here was the trouble. There were no steam cars or even stage coaches in that part of the country, and there was not a man in the place who could leave his work in harvest time. Who was there that could take that long journey?

The sick man thought and thought, but he could see no way of sending a message to his brother. It was his wife who saw first what must be done. She saw that she herself was the one to go on this errand.

One day, when she was sitting beside his bed with the baby in her arms, she said suddenly, "There is no one else, John; you must let *me* go and tell your brother."

He started, and as he looked at her the tears came into his eyes. Then he shook his head.

"No, no," he said, "that would never do. It is too long and hard a journey for you. Besides, have you forgotten the baby? You could not leave him behind."

The lady smiled at this, and the baby opened his eyes and smiled too.

"I will take him with me," she said. "You know our horse is so steady that I often ride with the baby in my arms. And the journey is not too hard for me. There is not a full day's ride between the clearings I

shall pass, and there are plenty of people who will give me shelter overnight. The path is plain and I am not afraid to take it. It is only leaving you that I mind; but the neighbors will do everything while I am gone, and you will want for nothing. You must let me go."

For a long time the sick man would not listen to the plan. He thought of all the dangers of the way; of prowling Indians, and of bears that had their dens in shaggy places of the woods, but to all that he could say she answered stoutly, "I am not afraid. God will take care of me. It is the only way and you must let me go."

So at last he stopped saying no, and one autumn morning, when the light was just stealing in at the windows of their home, the lady saddled the old horse, filled the saddle-bags with things they would need on their journey, wrapped the baby in her soft warm cloak and was ready. For a moment she bent over the bed and laid the child's soft face against his father's cheek, and whispered cheerily, "Keep a good heart and don't worry about us. You will see us home again, safe and sound, in a little while." Then she kissed him and was gone.

That day the horse trotted down the forest path as briskly as if he knew his rider's errand and cared for nothing but to bring her swiftly on her way. The baby cooed in the sunshine, and the fresh air and the sweet smells in the forest filled the lady with such hope and courage that she sang as she rode. Before night she reached a clearing, and found the friendly shelter she was sure would be ready for her. In the morning

she rode on again, and another day came happily to an end.

But the third day, the last one of all, did not go so well. The air was chilly, and the sun did not shine so brightly as before. The baby had grown tired of riding and nestled uneasily in his mother's arms. The horse seemed tired too, and the miles did not slip away so fast as at first. The lady had been sure that she could reach the village where the brother lived before sunset, but when shadows were darkening all the forest floor, and night-birds were calling among the trees, she still had not reached it.

She patted her horse's neck and urged him on with coaxing words. "A little farther, just a little, and we will rest," she said. But the horse had forgotten his old brisk pace. His feet seemed heavy, and his head drooped, while the shadows grew deeper and longer.

All at once he stumbled. The lady tightened the rein, but he stumbled again. It was not like her sure-footed horse to do that, and when it happened the third time she knew there must be something wrong.

The baby was asleep, and getting down from the saddle, she laid him on a bed of leaves at the foot of a tree. Then she lifted her horse's foot to find out, if she could, what was the matter.

Ah, it was a little nut that had lodged itself under a loosened shoe. She took it out with her pocket knife, then, putting down the horse's foot, turned to take up the baby.

At that instant something she could never have dreamed of happened. Perhaps some forest bird, flying past in the darkness, brushed the horse with



A BRAVE LADY

her wing and frightened him, or perhaps some strange wild longing for freedom came into his heart. All the lady knew was that, while the bridle hung loose on his neck, he suddenly lifted his head, gave one snort, and without waiting for her to mount him, started off alone.

For a moment she forgot the baby. She forgot everything except that her horse was leaving her, and shouting "Whoa, Whoa!" at the top of her voice ran after him with all her might. There was a hot chase, in and out among the trees, for a few minutes, then, all at once, as if his sober senses had come back, the horse stood still. The lady came panting up to his side, caught the bridle-rein, and turned to go back to the baby.

But where was the baby, and where was the path? It flashed upon her that in those dreadful moments she had lost sight of them both. But surely she could find them; she could go straight to her child! She flew from one heap of leaves to another, almost dragging the horse after her as she went, but the child was not to be found. There were leaves, leaves everywhere, and the trees all looked alike in the darkness which seemed to have grown suddenly dense. She wrung her hands, and with a terror which made her voice sound dreadful in the stillness, called all the sweet names the child had ever known, but there was no sound of answer.

Then a new thought came to her, and all at once she stood as still as one of the trees. The baby had been asleep when she laid him down. He was sleeping still; but he would wake by and by; he would cry when

he found himself alone in the darkness. Then, following the sound of his voice, she would find him again.

But what if, in her wild running after the horse, and her wilder searching for the baby, she had gone out of reach of his voice? Her heart almost stopped beating as the fear came, but she drove it away. Not hear the cry of her child? She *could* hear it, she *would* hear it, however far away. Not a leaf should fall in the forest but she would hear it.

That was a brave lady. With a steady hand on her horse's bridle she stood there in the darkness and waited. The night wore on, hour after hour, and still she waited. The stars looked down at her from the cloudy sky, and the night winds blew upon her as she stood, but she scarcely saw or felt them. She only wondered when she should look into the eyes of her baby again and feel his soft hands on her face. An owl stared at her through the branches of a tree, calling, "Who? Who?" and now and then, in the distance, she heard sounds that made her think of the footsteps of Indians and the low growling of beasts. But through it all she stood there, never moving from her place, only listening for that little cry, and praying God, who had guided the shepherds to the baby in the manger, to bring her to the child among the leaves.

Hark! There was a rustling sound. Something stirred not far away. There was a low cry, and then another cry — a great sob of joy — as the mother started from her place at last, and ran to where the baby lay, all safe and warm, and stretching out his little hands for her.

They had not been far apart. If she had only

known it he had been near her all the time. And now he was in her arms again, held close to her heart.

She had found the path again too, and the horse — who must have been ashamed of all the grief he had caused her — never lagged nor stumbled again till he had brought her to the home she was seeking, which was straight ahead of them now, and only a few miles away. Oh; how the joy and wonder must have run over in that house when they took her in, and how sweet her rest must have been, when she fell asleep that night!

That was the end of her troubles. When she took the forest path again the brother she had come so far to find was with her, and together they rode safely all the way back to the sick man, who welcomed them with a gladness no words could tell.

And after all he did not go away and leave them, for the fever turned and a new hope and strength began for him with that very day.

There were tears among the neighbors, women and men too, when they heard the story, how the baby had been lost, and the mother had waited for his waking, all alone in the forest. But the baby did not cry. He smiled through it all. He had never slept more sweetly in his cradle than among the leaves that night.

Bonnie had crept closer and closer to the grown-up person during the story. "Did you say that was true, every bit true?" she asked earnestly when it was ended.

"Yes, it is all true," said the grown-up person.
"My grandfather told me the story when I was a little girl like you, and the brave lady herself told it to him.

— *Charlotte M. Vaile.*

THE MOTHER'S STORY

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free,
 (The common, unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days —
She made us welcome to her home ;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room ;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side ;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away ;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides, autumn-brown,
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

A TIMELY JACK-O'-LANTERN

The first settlers in America made their homes along the sea, for the inland country was a trackless wilderness. From Maine to Georgia there was only a fringe of villages, scattered here and there along the coast. Shortly after the Revolution, however, great numbers of men and women began to go farther and farther west. Hundreds of thrifty settlers left their homes along the coast, crossed the mountains, and built new homes for themselves in the rich lands that are now the states of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

Among the early settlers who tramped across the mountains and through the wilderness to find new homes on the frontier was the Merrill family. They built a log cabin for themselves on the banks of a little river in southern Ohio. In that cabin there was only one room. The two boys of the family, David and Joseph, slept in a kind of loft, on a bed of dry oak leaves. The loft was reached by a ladder.

Their first winter was bitter cold. The snow lay deep and long upon the frozen ground; but there was plenty of dry, hard wood to burn in the huge stone fireplace. The oldest girl, Ruth, helped her mother. The boys set traps and snared rabbits, while their father shot wild turkeys and deer. There were no signs of Indians, and they were happy and contented, although living in the deep woods, many miles from their old home in Virginia.

At last the snow began to melt, the birds began to sing, and the trees put out their leaves. Soon it was time to plant.

One day David climbed up into the loft to get a package of pumpkin seed which he had brought with him from the old home.

Not a seed was to be found.

"Oh dear!" he muttered; "some of those red squirrels have gnawed a hole through the roof and carried all those seeds away. No pumpkin pies this year!"

His father tried to comfort him.

"Never mind, David, my boy, perhaps neighbor Johnson across the river can spare you a few seeds. Mother may be able after all to bake a few pumpkin pies for us this winter."

A few days after this the two boys were at work in the clearing. They were burning some old stumps, when out of one of them popped a red squirrel and scampered away into the woods.

"Look, Dave!" shouted Joseph; "there goes a big, fat red squirrel. Let us find his nest; it must be in that stump."

"All right, Joe. Perhaps it's the little rascal that stole my pumpkin seeds."

The two boys began to dig round the stump. They found some old rags, bits of dry moss, and some empty shells of hickory nuts.

"Hurrah, Joe! this must be the very chap that stole the seeds. We may find some the little thief hasn't eaten yet."

The boys continued their search. At last amid the empty shells they found three good pumpkin seeds.

"Of course it's better than nothing," said Joe, glumly; "but I must say, Dave, you have a pretty poor chance of raising much of a crop."

David was a thrifty lad. He saved the three seeds and planted them in deep, rich soil.

How like magic those pumpkin vines grew that hot, wet summer! All the crops did well that year, but such huge yellow pumpkins have seldom been seen.

"Dave," his sister Ruth pleaded, one day late in the autumn, "please make me a jack-o'-lantern out of one of your pumpkins."

"Dear me, no, Ruth! I can't spare one."

But David liked to please his sister, and one rainy day he made a jack-o'-lantern out of his largest pumpkin. It looked like a giant, with eyes, nose, mouth, and teeth red with fire.

The next evening a man came riding along the trail by the Merrill cabin.

"Indians! Indians! The redskins are coming!" he shouted, as he rode swiftly by in the darkness.

Mr. Merrill had gone on an errand to the village, some ten miles away. Only Mrs. Merrill and her children were at home; but she was a woman of courage.

"Bar the door, and cover up the fire, children; get your rifle ready, Dave; the Indians may pass by if they see no light here."

Dave stood ready with his rifle. The youngest girl, Lizzie, climbed up into the loft. Ruth and her mother stood ready with the powderhorn and the bullet-pouch to help David.

"Take the axe and stand at the window; look sharp for an Indian head," David whispered to his brother.

They had not long to wait.

"There they are; I can see three of them crawling up the bank," whispered Joe.

It now occurred to David that he might make use of the jack-o'-lantern.

"We cannot be any the worse off," he thought; "I'll try it anyway."

In another moment he had lighted a candle, put it in the jack-o'-lantern, and covered the lantern with his coat. He carried it to the window and uncovered it just as the Indians came to the cabin door.

The redskins had probably never seen anything of the kind before. Perhaps they thought some evil spirit was after them. They gave a yell and ran off into the woods.

The boy thought the savages might get over their scare and come back, and he kept the lantern at the window until his father returned.

Mr. Merrill patted David on the back.

"Your pumpkin did us a good turn this time, my boy, and I am proud of having such a son to look after mother and the children. The pumpkin pies will taste all the better too. You boys may go to bed now. I will watch for the Indians."

Perhaps the three Indians did not intend to do any harm. At any rate they did not come back again.

— *Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S SCHOOLDAYS

I do not remember when or by whom I was taught to read; because I cannot and never could recollect a time when I could not read the Bible. I suppose I was taught by my mother, or by my elder sisters. My father seemed to have no higher object in the world than to educate his children to the full extent of his very limited ability. No means were within his reach, generally speaking, but the small town schools. These were kept by teachers, sufficiently indifferent, in the several neighborhoods of the township, each a small part of the year. To these I was sent, with the other children.

When the school was in our neighborhood, it was easy to attend; when it removed to a more distant district I followed it, still living at home. While yet quite young, and in winter, I was sent daily two and a half or three miles to the school. When it removed still farther, my father sometimes boarded me out, in a neighboring family, so that I could still be in the school.

In these schools, nothing was taught but reading and writing; and, as to these, the first I generally could perform better than the teacher, and the last a good master could hardly instruct me in; writing was so laborious, irksome, and repulsive an occupation to me always. My masters used to tell me that they feared, after all, my fingers were destined for the plough-tail.

I must do myself the justice to say that, in those

boyish days, there were two things I did dearly love: reading and playing.

At a very early day, owing I believe mainly to the exertions of Mr. Thompson, the lawyer, the clergyman, and my father, a very small circulating library had been bought. I obtained some of these books, and read them. I remember the "Spectator" among them.

I was fond of poetry. By far the greater part of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns I could repeat from memory at ten or twelve years of age. I am sure that no other sacred poetry will ever appear to me so affecting and devout.

I remember that my father brought home from some of the lower towns Pope's "Essay on Man," published in a sort of pamphlet. I took it, and very soon could repeat it, from beginning to end. We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought they were all to be got by heart.

It so happened, that within the few months during which I was at the Exeter Academy, Mr. Thacher, now judge of the Municipal Court of Boston, and Mr. Emery, the distinguished counsellor at Portland, were my instructors. I am proud to call them both masters. I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to, while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do. I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school. The kind excellent Buckminster sought, especially, to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys; but I could not do it.

Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse, in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed, and entreated, most winningly, that I would venture; but I could never command sufficient resolution. When the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification.

In February, 1797, my father carried me to the Rev. Samuel Wood's, in Boscawen, and placed me under the tuition of that most benevolent and excellent man. It was but half a dozen miles from our own house. On the way to Mr. Wood's, my father first intimated to me his intention of sending me to college. The very idea thrilled my whole frame. He said he then lived but for his children, and if I would do all I could for myself, he would do what he could for me. I remember that I was quite overcome, and my head grew dizzy. The thing appeared to me so high, and the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father, so great, I could only press his hands and shed tears.

Mr. Wood accomplished his promise, and I entered Dartmouth College, as a freshman, August, 1797. At Boscawen, I had found another circulating library, and had read many of its volumes. I remember especially that I found "Don Quixote", in the common translation, and in an edition, as I think, of three or four duodecimo volumes. I began to read it, and

it is literally true that I never closed my eyes till I had finished it ; nor did I lay it down for five minutes ; so great was the power of that extraordinary book on my imagination.

— *Daniel Webster.*

THE LIGHTS

I know the ships that pass by day ;
I guess their business, grave or gay,
And spy their flags and learn their names,
And whence they come and where they go —
But in the night I only know
Some little starry flames.

And yet I think these jewelled lights
Have meanings full as noonday sights :
For every emerald signs to me
That ship and souls are harbor near,
And every ruby rich and clear
Proclaims them bound for sea.

And all the yellow diamonds set
On mast and deck and hull in jet
Have meanings real as day can show ;
They tell of care, of watchful eyes,
Of labor, slumber, hopes and sighs —
Of human joy and woe.

O ships that come and go by night,
God's blessing be on every light !

— *John Joy Bell.*

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

At a period of life when, in a more advanced stage of society, the intelligent youth is occupied in the elementary studies of the schools and colleges, Washington was carrying the surveyor's chain through the fertile valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny Mountains; passing days and weeks in the wilderness beneath the shadow of eternal forests; listening to the voice of the waterfalls, which man's art had not yet set to the healthful music of the sawmill or the trip-hammer; reposing from the labors of the day on a bearskin, with his feet to the blazing logs of a camp fire, and sometimes startled from the deep slumbers of careless, hard-working youth, by the alarm of the Indian war whoop.

This was the gymnastic school in which Washington was brought up; in which his quick glance was formed, destined to range hereafter across the battle-field through clouds of smoke and bristling rows of bayonets; the school in which his senses, weaned from the taste for those pleasures in which the flower of youth so often languishes and pines away, were early braced up to the sinewy manhood which becomes the "lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

There is preserved a letter written while he was engaged on his first surveying tour, and when he was but sixteen years of age. "Your letter," says he, "gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received mine of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire upon

a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats, and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles."

If there is an individual in the morning of life who is ashamed to get his living by any branch of honest labor, let him reflect that the youth who was carrying the theodolite and surveyor's chain through the mountain passes of the Alleghenies in the month of March, sleeping on a bundle of hay before the fire in a settler's log cabin, and not ashamed to boast that he did it for his doubloon a day, is George Washington; that the life he led trained him up to command the armies of united America; that the money he earned was the basis of that fortune which enabled him afterward to bestow his services, without reward, on a bleeding and impoverished country!

For three years was the young Washington employed the greater part of the time, and whenever the season would permit, in this laborious and healthful occupation; and I know not if it would be deemed unbecoming were a thoughtful student of our history to say that he could almost hear the voice of Providence, in the language of Milton, announce its high purpose:

To exercise him in the wilderness;
There shall he first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer!

— *Edward Everett.*

THE NAME OF WASHINGTON

To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

— *Abraham Lincoln.*

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING

When banners are waving,
And lances a-pushing :
When captains are shouting,
And war-horses rushing,
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets flying,
He that would honor win,
Must not fear dying.

A TROOP OF THE GUARD RIDES FORTH
TO-DAY

The portals are open, the white road leads
Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.
On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,
For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!
On through the dawning! Humanity calls!
Life's not a dream in the clover!
On to the walls, on to the walls,
On to the walls and over!

— *Hermann Hagedorn.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,

Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,) Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn,
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance!
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight pall, —
There shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death!

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave,
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sleeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack, —
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home!
By angel hands to valor given, —
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe that stands before us
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!
— *Joseph Rodman Drake.*

AN INDIAN BOY'S TRAINING

Very early, the Indian boy assumed the task of preserving and transmitting the legends of his ancestors and his race. Almost every evening a myth, or a true story of some deed done in the past, was narrated by one of the parents or grandparents, while the boy listened with parted lips and glistening eyes. On the following evening, he was usually required to repeat it. If he was not an apt scholar, he struggled long with his task; but, as a rule, the Indian boy is a good listener and has a good memory, so that the stories were tolerably well mastered. The household became his audience, by which he was alternately criticized and applauded.

This sort of teaching at once enlightens the boy's mind and stimulates his ambition. His conception of his own future career becomes a vivid and irresistible force. Whatever there is for him to learn must be learned; whatever qualifications are necessary to a truly great man he must seek at any expense of danger and hardship. Such was the feeling of the imaginative and brave young Indian. It became apparent to him in early life that he must accustom himself to rove alone and not to fear or dislike the impression of solitude.

It seems to be a popular idea that all the characteristic skill of the Indian is instinctive and hereditary. This is a mistake. All the stoicism and patience of the Indian are acquired traits, and continual practice alone makes him master of the art of wood-craft. Physical training and dieting were not neglected. I remember that I was not allowed to have beef soup

or any warm drink. The soup was for the old men. General rules for the young were never to take their food very hot, nor to drink much water.

My uncle, who educated me up to the age of fifteen years, was a strict disciplinarian and a good teacher. When I left the teepee in the morning, he would say: "Hakadah, look closely to everything you see"; and at evening, on my return, he used often to catechize me for an hour or so.

"On which side of the trees is the lighter-colored bark? On which side do they have most regular branches?"

It was his custom to let me name all the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color or the shape of the bill or their song or the appearance and locality of the nest — in fact, anything about the bird that impressed me as characteristic. I made many ridiculous errors, I must admit. He then usually informed me of the correct name. Occasionally I made a hit and this he would warmly commend.

He went much deeper into this science when I was a little older, that is, about the age of eight or nine years. He would say, for instance:

"How do you know that there are fish in yonder lake?"

"Because they jump out of the water for flies at mid-day."

He would smile at my prompt but superficial reply.

"What do you think of the little pebbles grouped together under the shallow water? and what made the pretty curved marks in the sandy bottom and the

little sandbanks? Where do you find the fish-eating birds? Have the inlet and the outlet of a lake anything to do with the question?

He did not expect a correct reply at once to all the questions that he put to me on these occasions, but he meant to make me observant and a good student of nature.

"Hakadah," he would say to me, "you ought to follow the example of the shunktokecha (wolf). Even when he is surprised and runs for his life, he will pause to take one more look at you before he enters his final retreat. So you must take a second look at everything you see.

"It is better to view animals unobserved. I have been a witness to their courtships and their quarrels and have learned many of their secrets in this way. I was once the unseen spectator of a thrilling battle between a pair of grizzly bears and three buffaloes — a rash act for the bears, for it was in the moon of strawberries, when the buffaloes sharpen and polish their horns for bloody contests among themselves.

"I advise you, my boy, never to approach a grizzly's den from the front, but to steal up behind and throw your blanket or a stone in front of the hole. He does not usually rush for it, but first puts his head out and listens, and then comes out very indifferently and sits on his haunches on the mound in front of the hole before he makes any attack. While he is exposing himself in this fashion, aim at his heart. Always be as cool as the animal himself." Thus he armed me against the cunning of savage beasts by teaching me how to outwit them.



AN INDIAN BOY'S TRAINING

"In hunting," he would resume, "you will be guided by the habits of the animal you seek. Remember that a moose stays in swampy or low land or between high mountains near a spring or lake, for thirty to sixty days at a time. Most large game moves about continually, except the doe in the spring; it is then a very easy matter to find her with the fawn. Conceal yourself in a convenient place as soon as you observe any signs of the presence of either, and then call with your birchen doe-caller.

"Whichever one hears you first will soon appear in your neighborhood. But you must be very watchful, or you may be made a fawn of by a large wildcat. They understand the characteristic call of the doe perfectly well.

"When you have any difficulty with a bear or a wildcat — that is, if the creature shows any signs of attacking you — you must make him fully understand that you have seen him and are aware of his intentions. If you are not well equipped for a pitched battle, the only way to make him retreat is to take a long sharp-pointed pole for a spear and rush toward him. No wild beast will face this unless he is cornered and already wounded. These fierce beasts are generally afraid of the common weapon of the larger animals, — the horns, — and if these are very long and sharp, they dare not risk an open fight.

"There is one exception to this rule — the gray wolf will attack fiercely when very hungry. But their courage depends upon their numbers; in this they are like white men. One wolf or two will never attack a man. They will stampede a herd of buffaloes in

order to get at the calves; they will rush upon a herd of antelopes, for these are helpless; but they are always careful about attacking man."

Of this nature were the instructions of my uncle, who was widely known at that time as among the greatest hunters of his tribe.

All boys were expected to endure hardship without complaint. In savage warfare a young man must, of course, be an athlete and used to undergoing all sorts of privations. He must be able to go without food and water for two or three days without displaying any weakness, or to run for a day and a night without any rest. He must be able to traverse a pathless and wild country without losing his way either in the day or night time. He cannot refuse to do any of these things if he aspires to be a warrior.

Sometimes my uncle would waken me very early in the morning and challenge me to fast with him all day. I had to accept the challenge. We blackened our faces with charcoal, so that every boy in the village would know that I was fasting for the day. Then the little tempters would make my life a misery until the merciful sun hid behind the western hills.

I can scarcely recall the time when my stern teacher began to give sudden war-whoops over my head in the morning while I was sound asleep. He expected me to leap up with perfect presence of mind, always ready to grasp a weapon of some sort and to give a shrill whoop in reply. If I was sleepy or startled and hardly knew what I was about, he would ridicule me and say that I need never expect to sell my scalp dear. Often he would vary these tactics by shooting off his gun

just outside of the lodge while I was yet asleep, at the same time giving blood-curdling yells. After a time I became used to this.

When Indians went upon the war-path, it was their custom to try the new warriors thoroughly before coming to an engagement. For instance, when they were near a hostile camp, they would select the novices to go after the water and make them do all sorts of things to prove their courage. In accordance with this idea, my uncle used to send me off after water when we camped after dark in a strange place. Perhaps the country was full of wild beasts, and, for aught I knew, there might be scouts from hostile bands of Indians lurking in that very neighborhood.

Yet I never objected, for that would show cowardice. I picked my way through the woods, dipped my pail in the water and hurried back, always careful to make as little noise as a cat. Being only a boy, my heart would leap at every crackling of a dry twig or distant hooting of an owl, until, at last, I reached our teepee. Then my uncle would perhaps say: "Ah, Hakadah, you are a thorough warrior!" empty out the precious contents of the pail, and order me to go a second time.

Imagine how I felt! But I wished to be a brave man as much as a white boy desires to be a great lawyer or even President of the United States. Silently I would take the pail and endeavor to retrace my footsteps in the dark.

With all this, our manners and morals were not neglected. I was made to respect the adults and especially the aged. I was not allowed to join in their discussions, nor even to speak in their presence, unless

requested to do so. Indian etiquette was very strict, and among the requirements was that of avoiding the direct address. A term of relationship or some title of courtesy was commonly used instead of the personal name by those who wished to show respect. We were taught generosity to the poor and reverence for the "Great Mystery." Religion was the basis of all Indian training.

— *Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa).*

THE SONG OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE

(The Pueblo Indians of the Southwest)

We are the Ancient People ;
Our father is the Sun ;
Our mother, the Earth, where the mountains tower
And the rivers seaward run ;
The stars are the children of the sky,
The Red Men, of the plain ;
And ages over us both had rolled
Before you crossed the main ; —
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain.

— *Edna Dean Proctor.*

AN INDIAN BOY'S STRATAGEM

He was a little boy, a very little boy, but as naughty as he was small. In the autumn his people put him in the Government school, thus at a blow robbing him of his freedom, his tongue — for he might not speak Indian and knew as yet no English — his tastes, his instincts, his pursuits; of everything, in short, except his ingenuity. Above his sealed mouth his little, up-tilted eyes ranged and returned, sought and seemed to find; then his small round face, from bearing the stamp of vacancy, grew guardedly eager and finally satisfied to the point of being actually smug.

One day he was found bending absorbedly over the Agent's back-yard fence. On nearer approach he seemed to be fishing with rod and string and baited hook. His game, alas! was the Agent's chickens! Lying on the ground at his feet and proving his prowess were several victims, sprawled in ruffled impotency.

At the sound of his discoverers' voices he turned, revealing a face alight with a sportsman's triumph. But the glow faded as a hand reached up and brought him to earth. Subsequently the same hand gave him a taste of this world's possible pains and penalties.

Sunday, during the hour of service, was a favorite time with him. He could so easily disappear beneath the pews to emerge only when and where he pleased. Hands grabbing stealthily at vanishing feet and coat-tails were seldom able to check his progress. The clergyman finally complained to the superintendent.

Nights in the dormitory were also enlivened by him.

When bigger boys came to bed, shuffling, and muttering under their breath, he would wake up — the little boys had retired two hours earlier. Then, when the lights were out and the door locked for the night from the outside, he would slip from under the red Government blankets, and, white-clad and noiseless, progress from bed to bed, stealing along, a shadow amongst shadows, till, entrenched in a secure corner of cupboard or window or empty bed, safe from the reach of the longest arm, he would begin a series of weird, blood-chilling cries, unearthly, mournful.

Clipped listening heads would duck beneath blankets, clutching hands seek the solidity of Government mattresses; bedfellow would hug bedfellow; and the hearts of those sons of warriors would pound painfully. Finally — and valiantly — some boy would plunge from his bed, and in disgust kick the little ghost into silence; then the small disturber would slink away through the shadows, fists dug into his eyes, and creep into the oblivion of his blankets, nestling himself against his bedfellow's warm if hostile back.

The next night he who had kicked was likely to receive, just before the wailing of the ghost began, a sudden, unaccountable and vicious pinch.

Of course, before long, rumors of these nocturnal disturbances reached the ears of those who had in charge the boys' dormitory.

Punishments were tried on the culprit but proved ineffectual. Other measures were resorted to, but without hope; felt beforehand to be inadequate. He was such a little boy and his naughtiness was so out of all proportion to his size.

At last in despair the superintendent put him in the guardhouse, the real guardhouse at the Agency, not the school lock-up, but the place for grown-up offenders, for malefactors, ever; the place where — breathlessly that night in the dormitory it was remembered — a visiting Ute medicine man, a madman, had been confined and had — *died*. . . . And the superintendent had said that the boy was to be left there for the night.

It was dark in the guardhouse, and it was cold, and supper of water and dry bread is a thing soon forgotten. Also when you have a body that is uncomfortable and a head that is always daring you to perform just one feat more. . . .

Sitting hunched in the center of the stone floor, listless, trying to acquire patience, suddenly he realized that his eye had begun to measure. Then up reached his hand, following it. There was a very little opening in the wall above the door where the adobe bricks looked loose and through which could be seen a patch of vivid sunset sky. . . . The situation seemed impossible — but the room was deep in shadows, its corners full of night, and somewhere without an owl cried weirdly. . . .

The boy felt the spur of necessity, raised to his tiptoes, propped himself with a knee, strained, grasped, strove — and then, suddenly, attained. The bricks were easy to pry out. As the sky darkened the opening in his wall widened. Behind him lay a well of shuddering darkness, before him the whole wide world. . . .

With a thud he came down on the ground outside.

He picked himself up. He looked about. At any rate there were no ghosts in sight, of medicine men or of others. But — he was outside the guardhouse when he had been carefully deposited within it; and he was in the midst of the Agency. It was nearly dark of course, but sooner or later he must be discovered, even if he went home — a dreadful ordeal to undertake in the night — or if he returned to the school, or if he sought out the Agent's house and gave himself up. His quick little mind considered all the possibilities.

Somewhere about his clothes he had stowed away a wad of chewed gum. His hands, thrust into his pockets for warmth, suddenly came upon it. For comfort's sake he pulled it out and put it into his mouth. . . .

Little uncertain fingers pecked rather than knocked at the Agent's door. The Agent looking up from his book at the sound was surprised to see no shadow against the lighted glass in the upper half of the door.

"Who on earth —?" he cried, and opened his door.

A little shaver, earth-stained, begrimed, hatless, stood at his feet looking upward obliquely from timid eyes. One hand was pressed against the side of his head.

"Why, it's Johnny!" cried the Agent, and a kindly hand went out to the boy's shoulder. It was as though the image of the littlest, naughtiest boy of the school, who should have been cowering alone in the ghost-infested guardhouse, the image which all the evening had been obtruding itself between the Agent and his book, had now suddenly become corporeal.

"Come in, boy. Come in here. Why, how did you get out?"



AN INDIAN BOY'S STRATAGEM

The little fellow obeyed, reluctantly it almost seemed. Inside, he crowded close against the Agent's legs. He still held a hand to the side of his head. His little, up-tilted eyes showed perilously near to tears.

At last in a thick uncertain whisper he spoke a single, all-elucidating word: "Ghosts!"

"You were afraid. I told the superintendent he was going too far in shutting you up in there."

The little head nodded.

"Why do you hold your head that way? Are you hurt?"

"Yes. Me hurt."

"Let me see."

The boy removed his hand and bent his head. It might have been noticed that he turned the injured side a little from the light.

"You've hurt your head. Right at the edge of your hair there's a great lump. Let me feel." The exploring fingers reached forth gently.

But the boy winced, dodging suddenly.

"No, no! Hurt!"

"Let me put something on it."

"No, no!"

"Just a little hot water."

The boy began to cry.

"There! There! Don't do that, I won't bother you. I won't touch it."

"Sure?"

"Of course. Quite sure."

The tears ceased tentatively, but the little up-tilted eyes were evidently on their guard.

The Agent was stirred. Although it was evening

he ordered his team peremptorily. While they waited for the buggy to be brought the boy sat on a chair, one hand to the side of his head, the other turning with carefully suppressed avidity the pages of the comic supplement of the last Sunday paper. At length he lifted his eyes wistfully. "Hungry," he whispered.

"Why, of course. Old fool bachelor that I am!"

The man disappeared into his kitchen to return with plunder.

During the two-mile drive to the school the boy munched contentedly.

"It was no place to have put a child."

"I suppose not," assented the superintendent ruefully. "It'll not happen again."

Together they carried the boy off to bed. Nothing would induce him to let them touch his head.

"Morning," he would cry. "Morrow. No to-night." Then he would burst into a paroxysm of grief.

"Poor little chap! Frightened half sick."

In the morning the superintendent sent for him. A big boy brought him to the office. But he appeared a very wilted little fellow in the big one's hands. The sparkle was all gone from his eyes.

"And his head?" asked the superintendent.

As the big boy wheeled him around, and not too gently, it seemed as though his very knees bent beneath him. The big one turned to the man's view the space behind the little one's ear. It was exceedingly clean, bore indeed the marks of recent and vigorous scrub-

bing; there was also a queer jagged cut up into his hair. That was all.

The big boy spoke. "Tell him," he commanded, sternly.

But the little one was past speech, sobbing, quite dissolved in tears.

"Then me, I tell him. Mr. Knight, he ain't got no bump. That thing behind his ear was gum, chewin' gum. He —"

"*What?*" cried the superintendent.

"He was scared after he got out that guardhouse so he took his gum and he stuck it —"

But the superintendent laid a helpless head down on his table.

The big boy stopped, astonished.

"What," he began gleefully, "what you goin' do to him *now?*"

There was a moment's silence, then the superintendent disclosed one suffused eye.

"Nothing," he said.

— *Grace Coolidge.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

— *Colonel Lovelace.*

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
 That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snow that falls is a little whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
 That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
 That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
 That's where the West begins.

— *Arthur Chapman.*

THE COUNTY FAIR

"Oh, Father, please let me go to the fair! You promised me I could a week ago. All the boys are going, and I just can't give it up. Please let me go!" and Harry was almost in tears over his disappointment.

"I know all about it, Harry," his father answered. "I realize how much you have looked forward to the fair, and I should like to have you go. There is a great deal for a boy to learn at a fair, if he will only keep his eyes open, but you see just how it is. I am in bed with a sprained ankle, and your mother cannot leave the baby. So what are we to do? A boy of ten is too young to go to such a place without some one to look after him."

"Yes, Father; but Roy Bradish is going with two other boys who are twelve or fourteen years old, and they asked me to go with them. They could take care of me as well as not. I'd be good, Father. Please, please let me go!"

Harry begged so hard that at last his father yielded, and gave the boy permission to go with his friends.

"I would rather have you go with an older person," he said; "but there seems to be no one who can take you. Be very careful not to get into mischief. Don't shout, or run about, or do anything to attract attention. A quiet boy who takes care of himself is the boy I like to see."

So, on the day of the fair, a warm sunny day in late September, Harry started off with his three friends. He had a dollar in his pocket for spending-money, and

a box under his arm, which was well filled with sandwiches and doughnuts. As he bade good-bye to his father and mother, he promised over and over to be good, and to come home before dark.

It was a long walk to the grounds where the fair was held every year, but the boys trudged along, talking and laughing, and having a good time.

At the entrance-gate Harry spent half of his dollar for a ticket, and it was not long before the other half was gone, for there were many things to tempt money from a boy's pocket. He bought peanuts and popcorn and a cane for himself, an apple-corer for his mother, and a whetstone for his father.

The other boys spent their money, too; and then they wandered around in the grounds, going into first one building and then another. There were exhibitions of vegetables and fruit in one building, — great piles of squashes and pumpkins; boxes of onions, turnips, beets, carrots, and parsnips; ears of yellow corn with their husks braided together, and cornstalks ten or twelve feet tall ranged against the wall.

The fruit was displayed on long tables in the center of the room, — rosy-cheeked apples, luscious golden pears, velvety peaches, and great clusters of purple grapes. It was enough to make one's mouth water just to look at them.

But the animal-sheds were even more interesting. There were handsome horses, — black, bay, and chestnut. Their coats shone like satin; and when their keepers led them out they arched their necks and pranced about, as if they were trying to say, "Did you ever see a more beautiful creature than I am? Just

wait a while, and I will race for you. See all these blue ribbons! I won them by my beauty and my speed."

Then there were the cattle, long rows of them, standing patiently in their narrow stalls; the pigs, little ones and big ones, white ones and black ones; and the sheep with their long coats of warm, soft wool.

After the boys had eaten their lunch they watched the horse-show for a little while, and then there was a free circus which they wanted to see, so it was the middle of the afternoon before they found their way to the poultry show.

Such a noise you never heard in all your life as the one that greeted their ears the moment they stepped inside the door. If you want to hear some queer music, just listen to a poultry band at a county fair, — roosters crowing, hens cackling, ducks quacking, pigeons cooing, and turkeys gobbling.

Harry liked the poultry-show best of all. He had some hens at home which he had raised himself, and he stood for a long time watching a mother hen and her tiny bantam chickens.

"I wish I hadn't spent all my money," he said to himself. "I'd like to buy two or three of those chickens."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said a loud voice in a cage behind him.

Harry turned quickly, and there stood a handsome white rooster, flapping his wings and crowing lustily.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he said again, and he walked back and forth in the narrow cage, strutting proudly, and spreading his wings as if to say, "What do you think of me?"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! I'd like to buy you, too," said Harry.

"He is a beauty, isn't he, Roy?" he added, turning to speak to his friend. But the boys were gone. He walked the whole length of the building, and they were nowhere to be seen.

"Perhaps they have gone back to the sheep-pens," he said to himself, and he ran across the grounds to look for them.

The judges were awarding prizes for the finest sheep, and the long low building was crowded with people, but there was no sign of Harry's friends.

"Where can they be?" he said, half aloud. "They may have gone over to see the cows milked by machinery. I'll go there next."

Just as he went out of the farther door of the sheepshed he met two men coming in. One of the men was smoking, and as he entered the shed he threw away the short end of his cigar. It fell in the dry grass near a pile of straw.

In a minute West Wind came scurrying across the field, and it was not long before he found the lighted cigar.

"What are you doing down there in the grass?" said West Wind. "Why don't you burn and have a good smoke by yourself?"

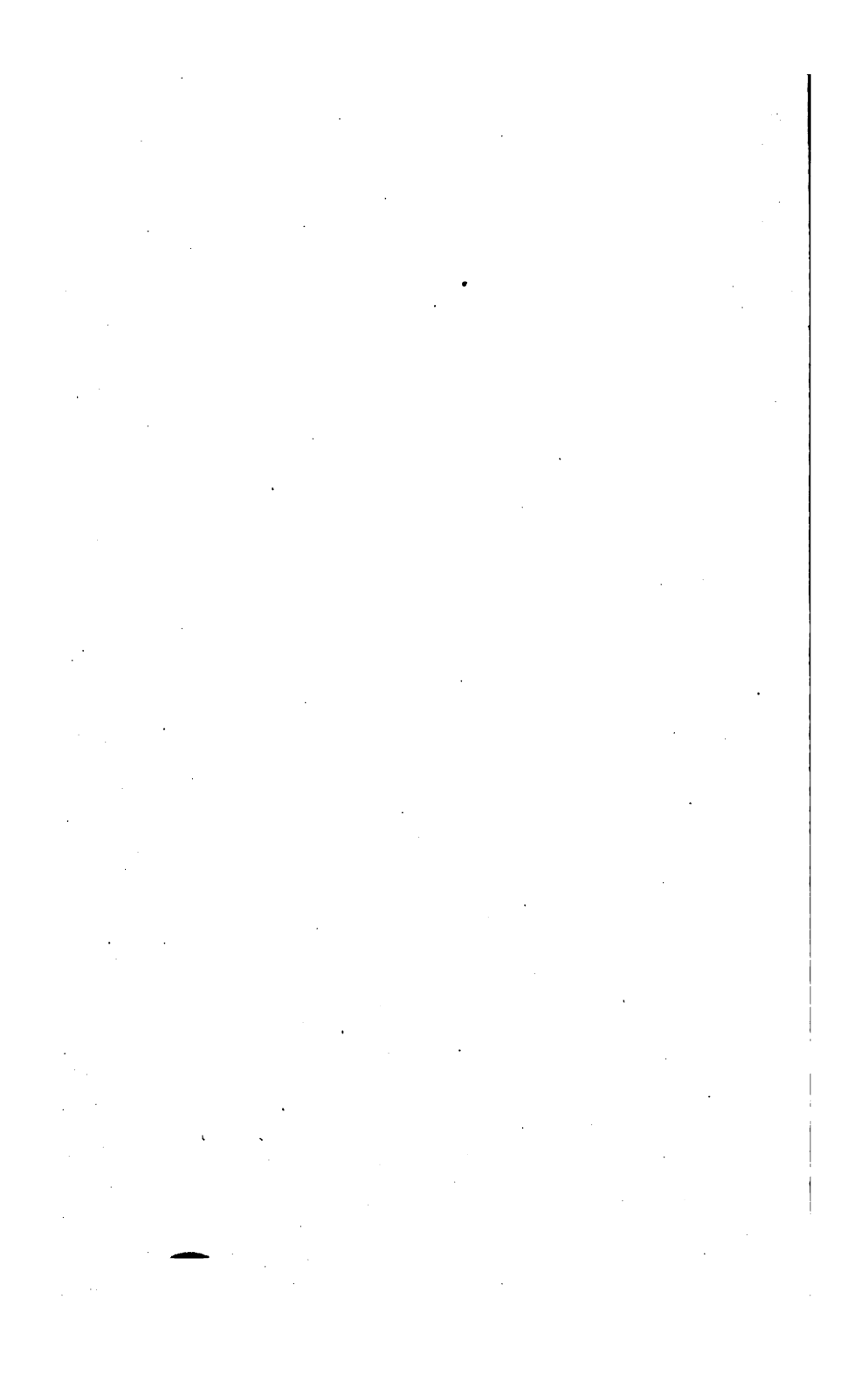
The red tip of the cigar shone brighter at the words. "So I will," it said, and it sent up a tiny curl of blue smoke.

"Pouf! pouf!" said West Wind. "Can't you do better than that?"

"Of course I can," and the stub burned still brighter.



HE SNATCHED OFF HIS COAT AND BEAT BACK THE FLAMES



"Now I'll show you a good smoke," said West Wind, and he blew some dry grass over the cigar.

The grass blazed up and set fire to the straw, and then there was some smoke, — you may be sure!

West Wind danced over the grass with glee. He whirled round and round, tossing fresh straw to the flames, and blowing up the smoke in soft clouds.

In a little while Harry came back, still hunting for his friends. A puff of smoke caught his eye and he ran to see what was burning. By this time the straw had set fire to the end of the sheep-shed, and the flames were eating their way toward the low roof.

"Fire!" shouted Harry; but the crowd had gone over to see the milking and there was no one in sight.

"Some one will come in a minute," he thought, and he snatched off his coat and beat back the flames as they ran up the dry boards.

"Fire!" he shouted again, at the top of his voice. This time a man who was feeding the lambs heard him and came out with a pail of water; and then it did not take long to put out the fire.

Just as Harry was stamping out the last flickering flames in the burning straw, a policeman came running out. "Here, what are you doing?" he cried.

"Putting out this fire," replied the little boy.

"I suppose you started it, too," said the policeman. "I never saw a boy yet who could keep out of mischief."

Just then the two men came to the door of the sheep-shed. "What is the matter?" they asked.

"This boy says he was putting out a fire, and I think he must have set it," the policeman told them.

"No, sir," said Harry, "I didn't set the straw on

fire. It was burning when I came up, and I tried to put it out."

"I was smoking a cigar when I went into the shed," spoke up one of the men, "and I threw it away. It must have set fire to the straw. It was a very careless thing to do, and if it hadn't been for this boy we might have had a terrible fire."

Just then Harry thought of his coat. It was his very best one, and his mother had told him to be careful of it. He held it up and looked at it. One sleeve was scorched, there were two or three holes in the back, and the whole coat was covered with straw and dirt.

By this time a crowd had begun to gather, just as a crowd always gathers around a policeman, and the story had to be told all over again.

"He saved my sheep!" said one of the men.

"And mine, too," added another.

"Let's help him to get a new coat"; and he took off his hat and began to pass it around in the crowd.

Just then a newspaper reporter came up with his camera, and, of course, he wanted to take Harry's picture. When the newspaper was published next day, there was the picture, and the whole story of the ten-year-old boy whose quick thought and quick work had saved the sheep-shed and all the valuable sheep from fire.

— *Frank E. Martin and George M. Davis.*

MY LITTLE GENTLEMAN

No one would have thought of calling him so, this ragged, barefooted, freckle-faced Jack, who spent his days carrying market-baskets for the butcher, or clean clothes for Mrs. Quinn, selling chips, or grubbing in the ash-heaps for cinders. But he was honestly earning his living, doing his duty as well as he knew how, and serving those poorer and more helpless than himself, and that is being a gentleman in the best sense of that fine old word.

He had no home but Mrs. Quinn's garret; and for this he paid by carrying the bundles and getting the cinders for her fire. Food and clothes he picked up as he could; and his only friend was little Nanny. Her mother had been kind to him when the death of his father left him all alone in the world; and when she, too, passed away, the boy tried to show his gratitude by comforting the little girl, who thought there was no one in the world like her Jack.

Old Mrs. Quinn took care of her, waiting till she was strong enough to work for herself; but Nanny had been sick, and still sat about, a pale little shadow of her former self, with a white film slowly coming over her pretty blue eyes.

This was Jack's great trouble, and he couldn't whistle it away as he did his own worries; for he was a cheery lad, and when the baskets were heavy, the way long, the weather bitter cold, his poor clothes in rags, or his stomach empty, he just whistled, and somehow things seemed to get right. But the day he carried Nanny the first dandelions, and she

felt of them, instead of looking at them, as she said, with such pathetic patience in her little face, "I don't see 'em; but I know they're pretty, and I like 'em lots," Jack felt as if the blithe spring sunshine was all spoiled; and when he tried to cheer himself up with a good whistle, his lips trembled so they wouldn't pucker.

"The poor dear's eyes could be cured, I ain't a doubt; but it would take a sight of money, and who's agoing to pay it?" said Mrs. Quinn, scrubbing away at her tub.

"How much money?" asked Jack.

"A hundred dollars, I dare say. Dr. Wilkinson's cook told me once that he did something to a lady's eyes, and asked a thousand dollars for it."

Jack sighed a long, hopeless sigh, and went away to fill the water-pails; but he remembered the doctor's name, and began to wonder how many years it would take to earn a hundred dollars.

Nanny was very patient; but, by and by, Mrs. Quinn began to talk about sending her to some almshouse, for she was too poor to be burdened with a helpless child. The fear of this nearly broke Jack's heart; and he went about with such an anxious face that it was a mercy Nanny did not see it. Jack was only twelve, but he had a hard load to carry just then; for the thought of his little friend, doomed to lifelong darkness for want of a little money, tempted him to steal more than once, and gave him the first fierce, bitter feeling against those better off than he. When he carried nice dinners to the great houses and saw the plenty that prevailed

there, he couldn't help feeling that it wasn't fair for some to have so much, and others so little. When he saw pretty children playing in the park, or driving with their mothers, so gay, so well cared for, so tenderly loved, the poor boy's eyes would fill to think of poor little Nanny, with no friend in the world but himself, and he so powerless to help her.

When he one day mustered courage to ring at the great doctor's bell, begging to see him a minute, and the servant answered, gruffly, as he shut the door, "Go along! he can't be bothered with the like of you!" Jack clenched his hands hard as he went down the steps, and said to himself, with a most un-boyish tone, "I'll get the money somehow, and *make* him let me in!"

He did get it, and in a most unexpected way; but he never forgot the desperate feeling that came to him that day, and all his life long he was very tender to people who were tempted in their times of trouble, and yielded, as he was saved from doing, by what seemed an accident.

Some days after his attempt at the doctor's, as he was grubbing in a newly deposited ash-heap, with the bitter feeling very bad, and the trouble very heavy, he found a dirty old pocket-book, and put it in his bosom without stopping to examine it; for many boys and girls were scratching, like a brood of chickens, all round him, and the pickings were unusually good, so no time must be lost. "Findings is havings" was one of the laws of the ash-heap haunters; and no one thought of disputing another's right to the spoons and knives that occasionally

found their way into the ash-barrels; while bottles, old shoes, rags, and paper were regular articles of traffic among them.

Jack got a good basketful that day; and when the hurry was over sat down to rest and clear the dirt off his face with an old silk duster which he had picked out of the rubbish, thinking Mrs. Quinn might wash it up for a handkerchief. But he didn't wipe his dirty face that day; for, with the rag, out tumbled a pocket-book; and on opening it he saw — money. Yes; a roll of bills, with two figures on all of them, — three tens and one twenty. It took his breath away for a minute; then he hugged the old book tight in both his grimy hands, and rocked to and fro all in a heap among the oyster-shells and rusty tin kettles, saying to himself, with tears running down his cheeks, "O Nanny! O Nanny! now I can do it!"

I don't think a basket of cinders ever travelled at such a rate before as Mrs. Quinn's did that day; for Jack tore home at a great pace, and burst into the room, waving the old duster, and shouting, "Hooray! I've got it! I've got it!"

It is no wonder Mrs. Quinn thought he had lost his wits; for he looked like a wild boy, with his face all streaked with tears and red ashes, as he danced a double-shuffle till he was breathless, then showered the money into Nanny's lap, and hugged her with another "Hooray!" which ended in a choke. When they got him quiet and heard the story, Mrs. Quinn rather damped his joy, by telling him the money wasn't his, and he ought to advertise it.

"But I want it for Nanny!" cried Jack; "and



HE FOUND A DIRTY OLD POCKET-BOOK

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

how can I ever find who owns it, when there was ever so many barrels emptied in that heap, and no one knows where they came from?"

"It's very like you won't find the owner, and you can do as you please; but it's honest to try, I'm thinking, for some poor girl may have lost her earnin's this way, and we wouldn't like that ourselves," said Mrs. Quinn, turning over the shabby pocket book, and carefully searching for some clue to its owner.

Nanny looked very sober, and Jack grabbed up the money as if it were too precious to lose. But he wasn't comfortable about it; and after a hard fight with himself he consented to let Mrs. Quinn ask their policeman what they should do. He was a kindly man; and when he heard the story, said he'd do what was right, and if he couldn't find an owner, Jack should have the fifty dollars back.

How hard it was to wait! how Jack thought and dreamed of his money, day and night! How Nanny ran to the door to listen when a heavy step came up the stairs! and how wistfully the poor darkened eyes turned to the light which they longed to see again.

Honest John Floyd did his duty, but he didn't find the owner; so the old purse came back at last, and now Jack could keep it with a clear conscience. Nanny was asleep when it happened; and as they sat counting the dingy bills, Mrs. Quinn said to the boy, "Jack, you'd better keep this for yourself. I doubt if it's enough to do the child any good; and you need clothes and shoes, and a heap of things, let alone the books you hanker after so much. It ain't likely you'll ever find another wallet. It's all luck about Nanny's eyes;

and maybe you are only throwing away a chance you'll never have again."

Jack leaned his head on his arms and stared at the money, all spread out there, and looking so magnificent to him that it seemed as if it could buy half the world. He did need clothes; his hearty boy's appetite did long for better food; and, oh! how splendid it would be to go and buy the books he had wanted so long, — the books that would give him a taste of the knowledge which was more enticing to his wide-awake young mind than clothes and food to his poor little body. It wasn't an easy thing to do; but he was so used to making small sacrifices that the great one was less hard; and when he had brooded over the money a few minutes in thoughtful silence, his eye went from the precious bits of paper to the dear little face in the trundle-bed, and he said, with a decided nod, "I'll give Nanny the chance, and work for my things, or go without 'em."

Mrs. Quinn was a matter-of-fact body; but her hard old face softened when he said that, and she kissed him good-night almost as gently as if she'd been his mother.

Next day, Jack presented himself at Dr. Wilkinson's door, with the money in one hand and Nanny in the other, saying boldly to the gruff servant, "I want to see the doctor. I can pay; so you'd better let me in."

I'm afraid cross Thomas would have shut the door in the boy's face again, if it had not been for the little blind girl, who looked up at him so imploringly that he couldn't resist the mute appeal.

"The doctor's going out; but maybe he'll see you a minute"; and with that he led them into a room where stood a tall man putting on his gloves.

Jack was a modest boy ; but he was so afraid that Nanny would lose her chance, that he forgot himself, and told the little story as fast as he could — told it well, too, I fancy ; for the doctor listened attentively, his eye going from the boy's eager, flushed face to the pale patient one beside him, as if the two little figures, shabby though they were, illustrated the story better than the finest artist could have done. When Jack ended, the doctor sat Nanny on his knee, gently lifted up the half-shut eyelids, and after examining the film a minute, stroked her pretty hair, and said so kindly that she nestled her little hand confidingly into his, "I think I can help you, my dear. Tell me where you live, and I'll attend to it at once, for it's high time something was done."

Jack told him, adding, with a manly air, as he showed the money, "I can pay you, sir, if fifty dollars is enough."

"Quite enough," said the doctor, with a droll smile.

"If it isn't, I'll work for the rest, if you'll trust me. Please save Nanny's eyes, and I'll do anything to pay you !" cried Jack, getting red and choky in his earnestness.

The doctor stopped smiling, and held out his hand in a grave, respectful way, as he said, "I'll trust you, my boy. We'll cure Nanny first ; and you and I will settle the bill afterward."

Jack liked that ; it was a gentlemanly way of doing things, and he showed his satisfaction by smiling all over his face, and giving the big, white hand a hearty shake with both his rough ones.

The doctor was a busy man ; but he kept them some

time, for there were no children in the fine house, and it seemed pleasant to have a little girl sit on his knee and a bright boy stand beside his chair; and when, at last, they went away, they looked as if he had given them some magic medicine, which made them forget every trouble they had ever known.

Next day the kind man came to give Nanny her chance. She had no doubt, and very little fear, but looked up at him so confidently when all was ready, that he stooped down and kissed her softly before he touched her eyes.

"Let Jack hold my hands; then I'll be still, and not mind if it hurts me," she said. So Jack, pale with anxiety, knelt down before her, and kept the little hands steadily in his all through the minutes that seemed so long to him.

"What do you see, my child?" asked the doctor, when he had done something to both eyes, with a quick, skilful hand.

Nanny leaned forward, with the film all gone, and answered, with a little cry of joy, that went to the hearts of those who heard it, "Jack's face! I see it! oh, I see it!"

Only a freckled, round face, with wet eyes and tightly-set lips; but to Nanny it was as beautiful as the face of an angel; and when she was laid away with bandaged eyes to rest, it haunted all her dreams, for it was the face of the little friend who loved her best.

Nanny's chance was *not* a failure; and when she saw the next dandelions he brought her, all the sunshine came back into the world brighter than ever for Jack. Well might it seem so; for his fifty dollars

bought him many things that money seldom buys. The doctor wouldn't take it at first; but when Jack said, in the manful tone the doctor liked, although it made him smile, "It was a bargain, sir. I wish to pay my debts; and I shan't feel happy if Nanny don't have it *all* for her eyes. Please do! I'd rather," — then he took it; and Nanny did have it, not only for her eyes, but in clothes and food and care, many times over; for it was invested in a bank that pays good interest on every mite so given.

Jack discovered that fifty dollars was far less than most people would have had to pay, and begged earnestly to be allowed to work for the rest. The doctor agreed to this, and Jack became his errand-boy, serving with a willingness that made a pleasure of duty; soon finding that many comforts quietly got into his life; that much help was given without words; and that the days of hunger and rags, heavy burdens and dusty ash-heaps, were gone by for ever.

The happiest hours of Jack's day were spent in the doctor's chaise, when he made his round of visits; for while he waited, the boy studied or read, and while they drove hither and thither, the doctor talked with him, finding an eager mind as well as a tender heart and a brave spirit under the rough jacket of his little serving-man. But he never called him that; for, remembering the cheerfulness, self-denial, honesty, and loyalty to those he loved, shown by the boy, the good doctor proved his respect for the virtues all men should covet, wherever they are found, and always spoke of Jack, with a smile, as "My Little Gentleman."

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

THE NAME, THE BOY AND THE MAN

At a rich merchant's house there was a children's party, and the children of rich and great people were there. The merchant was a learned man; for his father had sent him to college, and he had passed his examination. His father had been a cattle dealer, but always honest and industrious; so that he had made money, and his son the merchant had managed to increase his store.

Clever as he was, he had also a heart; but there was less said of his heart than of his money. All descriptions of people visited at the merchant's house, well-born as well as intellectual, and some who possessed neither of these recommendations.

Now it was a children's party; and there was children's prattle, which always is spoken freely from the heart. Among them was a beautiful little girl, who was terribly proud; but this had been taught her by the servants, and not by her parents, who were far too sensible people.

Her father was groom of the chambers, which is a high office at court, and she knew it. "I am a child of the court," she said; now she might just as well have been a child of the cellar, for no one can help his birth; and then she told the other children that she was well born, and said that no one who was not well born could rise in the world. It was no use to read and be industrious, for if a person was not well born he could never achieve anything.

"And those whose names end with 'sen'," said she, "can never be anything at all. We must put our arms

akimbo, and make the elbows quite pointed, so as to keep these 'sen' people at a great distance." And then she stuck out her pretty little arms, and made the elbows quite pointed, to show how it was to be done; and her little arms were very pretty, for she was a sweet-looking child.

But the little daughter of the merchant became very angry at this speech, for her father's name was Petersen, and she knew that the name ended in "sen"; and therefore she said as proudly as she could, "But my papa can buy a hundred dollars' worth of bonbons, and give them away to children. Can your papa do that?"

"Yes; and my papa," said the little daughter of the editor of a paper, "my papa can put your papa and everybody's papa into the newspaper. All sorts of people are afraid of him, my mamma says, for he can do as he likes with the paper." And the little maiden looked exceedingly proud, as if she had been a real princess, who may be expected to look proud.

But outside the door, which stood ajar, was a poor boy, peeping through the crack of the door. He was of such a lowly station that he had not been allowed even to enter the room. He had been turning the spit for the cook, and she had given him permission to stand behind the door and peep in at the well-dressed children, who were having such a merry time within; and for him that was a great deal.

"Oh, if I could be one of them!" thought he; and then he heard what was said about names, which was quite enough to make him more unhappy. His parents at home had not even a penny to spare to buy a news-

paper, much less could they write in one; and worse than all, his father's name, and of course his own, ended in "sen", and therefore he could never turn out well, which was a very sad thought. And this is what happened on that evening.

Many years passed, and most of the children became grown-up persons. There stood a splendid house in the town, filled with all kinds of beautiful and valuable objects. Everybody wished to see it, and people even came in from the country round to be permitted to view the treasures it contained.

Which of the children whose prattle we have described could call this house his own? One would suppose it very easy to guess. No, no; it is not so very easy. The house belonged to the poor little boy who had stood on that night behind the door.

He had really become something great, although his name ended in "sen", — for it was Thorwaldsen.

— *Hans Christian Andersen.*

SONG FOR MY MOTHER

HER WORDS

My Mother has the prettiest tricks
Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek
As breasts of singing birds.

She shapes her speech all silver fine
Because she loves it so.

And her own eyes begin to shine
To hear her stories grow.

And if she goes to make a call
Or out to take a walk
We leave our work when she returns
And run to hear her talk.

We had not dreamed these things were so
Of sorrow and of mirth.
Her speech is as a thousand eyes
Through which we see the earth.

God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

They are as fair as bloom or air,
They shine like any star,
And I am rich who learned from her
How beautiful they are.

— *Anna Hempstead Branch.*

THE SICK CHILD

The sick child sat at his window and looked out on the summer world. He was sad at heart, for pain racked him, and weakness held him still; but he smiled, because that pleased his mother.

"I am of no use in the world," said the child to himself; "I am of less worth than yonder broken bough that lies on the ground, for that at least gives trouble to no one, and by and by it will make a fire to warm some poor soul. But still I must smile, lest my mother should be sad."

Presently the old field mouse who lived over the way came out of her house with a tiny brown velvet bundle in her mouth. It was one of her eight young ones, and she was taking it to a new place, for the mole, who was their landlord, had turned them out. She had taken five of the little ones to the new house, but now she was weary, and her jaws ached sadly with holding the heavy little creatures.

"I cannot carry them all," she said. "The rest must die, since it cannot be helped."

Just then she looked up, and saw the child smiling at the window.

"Look," she said to herself. "That child has been watching me. He smiles with pleasure at the beauty of my young ones, but he has not seen the prettiest one yet. It will never do to give up now; I must try again, and let him see that there are eight, all the handsomest of their family."

So she tried again, and brought all the eight in safety to their new home.



HE SAW THE CHILD SMILING AT THE WINDOW

By and by a horse came along the road, dragging a heavy load. He was old and his bones ached, and the collar hurt his neck.

"Why should I not give up," he said to himself, "and refuse to go on? my master could only beat me, and he does that as it is. If I were dead, I should not feel the blows; why should I struggle further with this burden?"

Just then he happened to lift his eyes, and saw the child smiling at the window.

"Ah!" he said, "that child is smiling at me. He sees that I was once a fine animal; he knows good blood when he sees it. Ah! if he had seen me in my youth! But I can still show him something," and he arched his neck proudly, and stepped out bravely, tossing his head, and the load came more easily after him.

By and by a man passed by, walking slowly, with bent head and sorrowful look. He had lost the treasure of his heart, and the whole world was black about him. "Why should I live longer?" he said to himself. "I have nothing to live for in this vale of misery. Let me lie down and die; in death I can at least forget my pain and the pain of others."

As he spoke he lifted his eyes by chance, and saw the child smiling at the window.

"Come!" said the man. "There at least is one happy heart; and he smiles as if he were glad to see me pass. He is a sick child, too, pale and thin; I must not cast a shadow over his cheerful day. And, indeed, the sun is bright and warm, even if my joy be cold."

He smiled and nodded to the child, and the child nodded to him, and waved his hand, and the man went on, carrying the smile warm at his heart, and took up the burden of life again.

Now it was evening. The child was weary. His head drooped on his bosom, and his eyes closed. Then his mother came, and lifted him from his chair, and laid him in his little bed.

"God bless him," she said softly. "He has had a happy day, for he is smiling even in his sleep."

— *Laura E. Richards.*

SANTA CLAUS

A voice from out of the northern sky :

"On the wings of the limitless winds I fly,
Swifter than thought over mountain and vale,
City and moorland, desert and dale !

From the north to the south, from the east to the
west,

I hasten regardless of slumber or rest ;
Oh, nothing you dream of can fly as fast
As I on the wings of the wintry blast !

"The wondering stars look out to see
Who he that flieth so fast may be,
And their bright eyes follow my earthward track
By the gleam of the jewels I bear in my pack,
For I have treasures for high and for low :
Rubies that burn like the sunset glow ;

Diamond rays for the crowned queen ;
For the princess, pearls with their silver sheen.

“I enter the castle with noiseless feet —
The air is silent and soft and sweet ;
And I lavish my beautiful tokens there —
Fairings to make the fair more fair !
I enter the cottage of want and woe —
The candle is out, and the fire burns low ;
But the sleepers smile in a happy dream
As I scatter my gifts by the moon’s pale beam.

“There’s never a home so low, no doubt,
But I in my flight can find it out ;
Nor a hut so hidden but I can see
The shadow cast by the lone roof-tree !
There’s never a home so proud and high
That I am constrained to pass it by,
Nor a heart so happy that it may not be
Happier still when blessed by me !

“What is my name? Ah, who can tell,
Though in every land ’tis a magic spell !
Men call me that, and they call me this ;
Yet the different names are the same, I wis !
Gift-bearer to all the world am I,
Joy-giver, Light-bringer, where’er I fly ;
But the name I bear in the courts above,
My truest and holiest name, is — LOVE !”

— *Julia C. R. Dorr.*

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

DRAMATIZATION: HOSPITALITY IN THE HOME

SCENE I

PLACE: *Cottage of Philemon and Baucis*

CHARACTERS

PHILEMON

BAUCIS

QUICKSILVER

ELDER TRAVELLER

Philemon Our garden is beautiful now, is it not? See those lovely roses and the violets. What a happy home we have! Our good cow gives us all the milk we need and our bees furnish us this lovely honey; our grapevine is loaded with delicious grapes. We are wealthy, indeed, and can help anyone who needs assistance. Hark! what is that voice?

(Shouts of children are heard.)

Philemon Ah, wife! I fear some poor traveller is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is.

Baucis Well-a-day! I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!

Philemon Those children will never come to any good. To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder



A.C.

"TWO POORLY-CLAD STRANGERS"

if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it.

Baucis That's right, husband. So we will!

Philemon I never heard the dogs so loud!

Baucis Nor the children so rude. (*They stand at the door looking out.*)

Philemon There are two poorly-clad strangers. I am afraid their poverty is the reason why the villagers allow the dogs and children to treat them so rudely. Come, wife, let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill.

Baucis Go, you, and meet them, while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits.

(*PHILEMON goes out, but soon enters with two strangers, poorly dressed.*)

Philemon Welcome, strangers, welcome!

Quicksilver Thank you. This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?

Philemon Ah! Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbors.

Quicksilver Well said, old father, and, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. Those children, the little rascals, have bespattered us finely with their mud-balls; and one of

the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff, and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off. There is nothing like a good staff to help one along, and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see. (*Shows staff.*)

Philemon A curious piece of work, sure enough! A staff with wings! Friends, sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard.

Elder Traveller Was there not a lake in very ancient times covering the spot where now stands yonder village?

Philemon Not in my day, friend, and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. Doubtless it will be the same when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten!

Elder Traveller That is more than can be safely foretold. Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!

Baucis Had we known you were coming, my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveller knocks at our door.

Elder Traveller All will be well; do not trouble

yourself, my good dame. An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare.

Baucis A welcome you shall have, and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes, besides.

Quicksilver (laughing) Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast; an absolute feast! And you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life.

Baucis (aside to Philemon) Mercy on us! If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper.

(They sit down to the table. Travellers drink milk from bowls at once.)

Quicksilver A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please. The day has been hot, and I am very thirsty.

Baucis Now, my dear people, I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?

Quicksilver (taking pitcher by handle) Why, it appears to me that matters are not so bad as you represent them to be. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher.

(Fills his bowl and his companion's.)

Quicksilver What excellent milk! Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more.

(BAUCIS, in great surprise, pours out more milk from pitcher.)

Quicksilver And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis, and a little of that honey!

(BAUCIS gives each guest bread, honey and a bunch of grapes.)

Quicksilver Very admirable grapes these! Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?

Philemon From my own vine. You may see one of its branches twisting across the window yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones.

Quicksilver I never tasted better. Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince.

(PHILEMON pours out milk in great amazement.)

Philemon Who are ye, wonder-working strangers!

Elder Traveller Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends. Give me likewise a cup of the milk and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer.

Philemon Ah me! Well-a-day! If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to throw another stone.

Baucis It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so — that it is! And I mean to go this very day, and tell some of them what naughty people they are!

Quicksilver (smiling) I fear you will find none of them at home.

Elder Traveller When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother, they are unworthy to exist upon earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood.

(All leave stage together.)

— Nathaniel Hawthorne.



QUICKSILVER FILLS HIS BOWL

LIFE AT MOUNT VERNON

Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, is on the Potomac River, sixteen miles below the capital. This spot was to Washington the dearest place on earth. He was sorry to leave it. He was always glad to go back to it. When the American Revolution was over, Washington served his country eight years as president, and then retired to Mount Vernon to spend his last days. He died here in the year 1799.

Mount Vernon was one of the loveliest and finest estates in the country. The entrance is in the rear of the mansion, near the old gateway used in Washington's time. On the left, as you enter the grounds, is the old flower garden. In it may still be seen many of the plants and shrubs which were given to Washington by some of the noted men of his time. The famous Mary Washington rose-bush still blooms. It came from France, and was named by Washington in honor of his mother.

In front of the great house is a broad lawn, which slopes to the banks of the Potomac. In the rear are an orchard, the garden, and a deer park. At either end of the mansion is a long, arched gallery which leads to the kitchen and other outbuildings.

In the old coach house you may still see the family carriage. In it Washington and his family used to ride eight miles to church. It took four horses to draw it over the muddy Virginia roads.

Down the path, a little way to the right toward the river, is Washington's tomb. Through the iron grating of the door may be seen two caskets, hewn from single

pieces of marble. They hold the remains of General Washington and his wife. How many famous men and women of the world have stood with bowed heads before this sacred spot!

Washington's bride was a widow named Martha Custis. She brought to Mount Vernon her two children. Washington called his step-daughter Patsy, and his step-son Jacky.

Patsy died when she was seventeen. Jack grew up to be a soldier. He died of camp fever at the siege of Yorktown, leaving a little daughter, Eleanor, only two years old. Washington tells us that when he received news of Jack's death, he threw himself on his camp bed and cried like a child.

Now little Eleanor, or Nellie, as she was usually called, was given to Washington to bring up as his own child. She was adopted "in full legal form." She became the pride and pet of the great man, and lived at Mount Vernon until the death of Washington.

When you go to Mount Vernon you may see her room as it was furnished when she lived there. In one corner is her bed with its tall posts and its curtains of cloth called dimity. The bed is so high that she had to step up three steps to get into it.

On the first floor at Mount Vernon is the music room. In this room is the old-fashioned piano which Washington bought in London and gave Nellie as a wedding present. The lively young girl liked much better to romp in the woods and ride the unbroken colts than to study music. We are not surprised to read that she used to cry when the time came to practice her music lessons.

In this same music room you may see a queer guitar which Nellie played when she grew older. There is also a flute which Washington used to play.

We are told that the grave and stately man would unbend a good deal when Nellie amused him with her bright chatter and sunny smiles. Indeed, this merry girl was said to be the only person who was known to make Washington laugh aloud.

In those days every little girl of a good family was taught to work with fancy stitches her name and age, the alphabet, and trees and houses on a square piece of canvas. This was called "working a sampler." These samplers were often framed and hung up on the walls, just like pictures. Some of the samplers that Nellie made are still to be seen in her room at Mount Vernon.

When Washington was chosen president of the new nation, he lived in New York, which was then the capital of the country. Nellie went along and lived in that city for eight years. During this time she saw and talked with most of the famous men of our country.

Nellie Custis grew up to be a sweet and lovely lady. She married Washington's nephew. Washington gave the young husband a fine estate near Mount Vernon, but as long as Washington lived, Nellie and her husband made their home with him.

Nellie lived to be an old lady. She was buried at Mount Vernon. Her tomb is near that of Washington. On the marble stone you may read how she was "raised under the roof of the Father of his Country", and that she "was a fair and lovely woman and dearly beloved by all."

— *Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball.*

TAD AND HIS FATHER

On a day in the late summer of '1862 the President of the United States and his Cabinet were in conference in a large room upon the second floor of the White House in Washington. The windows opened to the southward, and the men about the big table, strewn with papers and books, sometimes looked rather wistfully at the Potomac River and the Virginia hills under the warm sunshine without. A war map, hanging from a roller in one corner of the room, was thickly stuck with pins of various sizes and colors. An engraved portrait of Andrew Jackson looked severely down from the north wall, and upon the mantel there stood a photograph of the English champion of the American Union, John Bright.

The members of the Cabinet were engaged in a discussion of the military situation, and the President was listening quietly to their informal remarks. Their tones and gestures were those of men sorely disappointed and somewhat discouraged. The Confederates, elated by their recent successes, were carrying the war into the North, declaring their intention to release Maryland from the "foreign yoke."

Intently the President studied the faces of his advisers. There sat William Henry Seward, his head, with its beetling brows, seeming almost too heavy for his slender neck and small body. The strong, aquiline nose projected over the chest in a manner suggestive of inquiry and combat. The eyes were keen, the mouth firm, the hair white, with glimpses in its tangle

of an early tinge of red. Subtle and witty in speech, the Secretary of State indulged in some characteristic eccentricities of exaggeration which brought the President forward into his favorite attitude for listening, both hands clasping his left knee; his face at the same time took on a look of worn and sad attention.

There sat Edwin M. Stanton, burly and aggressive, a natural primal force, devoid of tact, scornful of ceremony, inexorable as fate, well hit off by the name of the god of war which the President playfully applied to him. A mass of black, curling hair and a long beard surrounded the leonine head, with its sharp eyes, which the spectacles could not dim, and its strong, full lips. He gave full sway to his brusque intolerance of forms and spoke vehemently and with intense earnestness of the commanders in the field, only in a few minutes to veer to a mood as warm and caressing as the September sunshine.

Salmon P. Chase was striding about the room, an impressive figure, two inches more than six feet in height. The President's eyes turned expectantly upon him. The Secretary of the Treasury looked the Roman statesman, lacking only the toga to complete the illusion. His dome-like, massive head had the qualities of the marble bust which later was to be considered his most perfect likeness. His austere manner and the cold look in his bluish-gray eyes seemed almost to affect the atmosphere of the room.

There also sat Gideon Welles, big, quiet, unassuming, his carefully-adjusted wig giving him an absurd appearance which accounted for the popular notion that he was an old foggy; and there, too, were the Secre-

tary of the Interior, the Attorney-general, and the Postmaster-general.

As the President turned from speaker to speaker, his hands fondled ever more closely his left knee, and the lines of weariness seemed to deepen upon his countenance. No feature of the face appeared quite to harmonize with any other feature. The eyes looked out of deep hollows, as if they were placed at the bottom of a ravine, and above them was a high, wide forehead with a brow jutting outward like a cliff. The bushy eyebrows were surrounded by delicately sensitive muscles and mobile wrinkles. The flesh was dropping away from the cheek-bones, making them look sharp and high. The ears were long and protruding, the lower jaw strong and angular, the chin high and solid. The small gray eyes dominated the face, and as the President uncoiled his limbs and slowly arose, he stretched himself upward, with that vertical elasticity often noticed in him, until he seemed even more than six feet and four inches in height. The eyes kindled, the preoccupied and dreamy look disappeared, the whole aspect became animated, and the incongruous features were fused into a harmony which no merely decorative face ever displays. The marks of his early occupations were ineffaceably stamped upon Abraham Lincoln, but the rail-splitter did not try to cover over what he had been by what he had become.

Perhaps he was thinking of some of the outward contrasts between himself and the other members of the group as he looked upon his family of official advisers. Here was his chief competitor for the Presidency; there was another who aspired to the White

House and whose self-love was wounded that one so inferior in the lore of schools should be preferred before himself; and the Attorney-general had been the favorite candidate of the most powerful newspaper editor of the North. It was a strangely mixed council of state, and it required rare skill to hold those able and powerful men together.

With a quizzical smile, the President glanced again at Stanton, and said:

"Well, Mars, the one thing that seems to be sure to everybody is that McClellan must keep between Lee and Washington, and by jings —"

He was interrupted. A commotion was heard in the hall outside, and blows resounded upon the door. There were three sharp raps, followed by two slow thumps. In that order the blows were repeated over and over.

"Now I wonder what Tadpole wants," said the President. "You see, that's the code I taught him yesterday, three short and two long, this way —" and he drummed the signal upon the Cabinet table —

"Tad learned it over in the telegraph office. It's a sort of bribe to prevent him breaking in on us without warning. I've got to let him in, you see, because I promised never to go back on the code."

But the applicant was getting impatient, and as the President strode towards the door, with the Cabinet looking on curiously, it flew open, and in rushed a small boy, who plunged straight into his father's arms. A jolly, round-faced lad he was, cheeks glowing, gray eyes flashing, dark hair flying. Words were getting into each other's way as they tumbled out of his mouth,

and a slight defect in his utterance made it still harder to understand him. In his excitement he seemed to explode just like a bombshell, and he shattered the solemnity of the Cabinet meeting quite as effectually as a shell might have done.

The President sat down again and took the boy on his knees. A marvelous change transformed his face. The eyes were radiant, the wrinkles were smoothed out, and a tender smile effaced every vestige of melancholy. It was the look which his friends always remembered affectionately, but which no artist ever was able to record.

"Now, Tad, tell us all about it," he said, speaking very slowly.

Tad, sizzling with excitement, jerked out his story, much as the sparks sputter from a burning fuse.

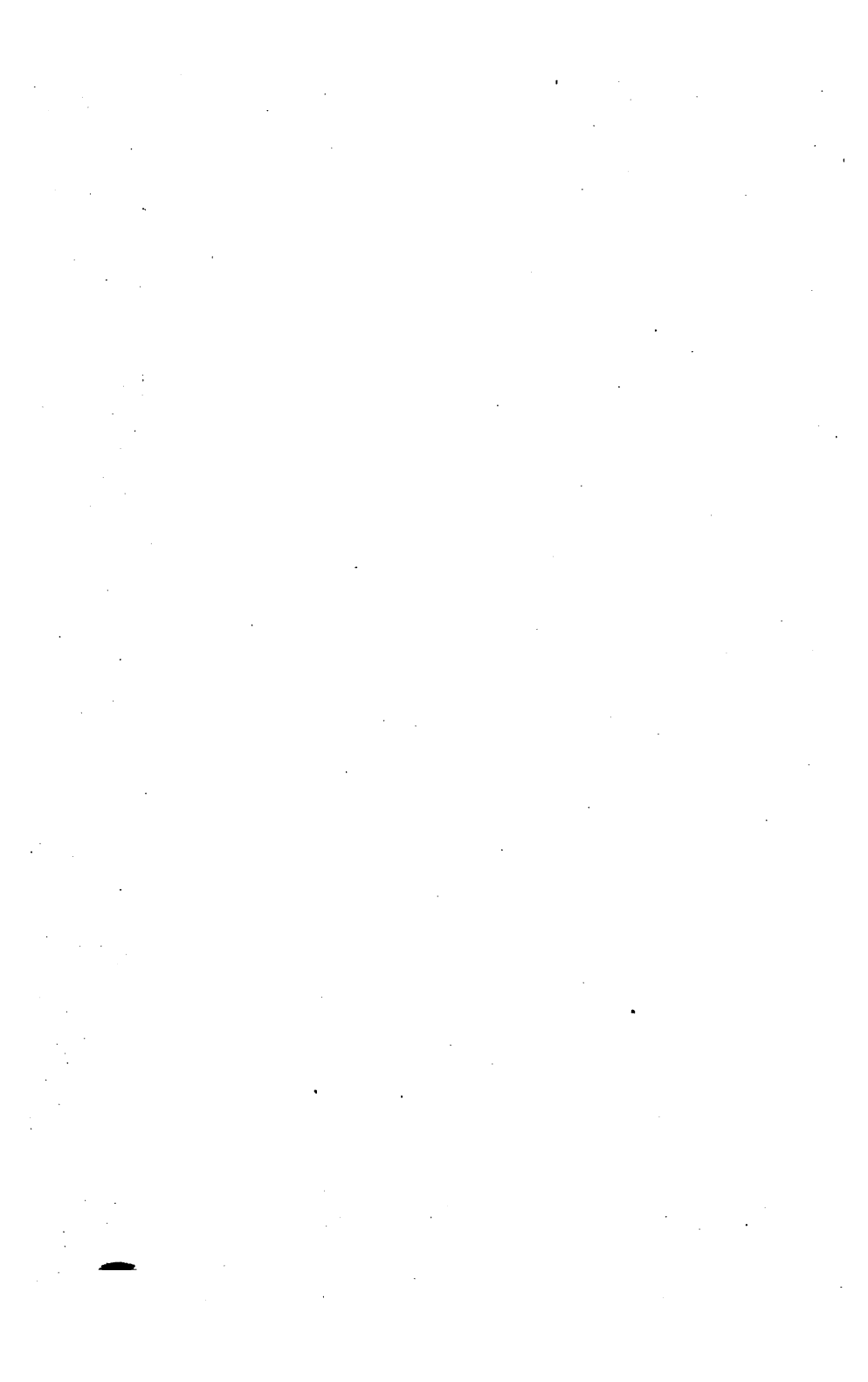
"Papa day, isn't the kitchen ours, and can't I feed some boys if I want to? There's a lot of 'em downstairs, and they're all my friends, and two of 'em have got a papa in the army. We're all hungry as bears, and I won't eat if they can't. And Peter won't let us in, and mamma is away, and isn't it our kitchen? I want Peter to get out the meat and pies and things he had left yesterday, and he called my friends street boys, too. Can't I give them some dinner? Because it's our kitchen, isn't it? And please make Peter mind me."

"How many boys are there, Taddie?"

"Why —, there's the two soldier boys, and Perry Kelly, and Bobby Grover, and two more, and me; that makes seven. We're terrible hungry: please, Papa day."



"IN RUSHED A SMALL BOY"



The President looked gravely around upon the Cabinet circle. Chase, standing with arms folded, seemed to contemplate the scene as from some Olympian height. Stanton was in a melting mood, and smiles softened his resolute face. Seward, whose native sense of humor had been deepened by his intimate association with the man from the prairies, was chuckling aloud.

"Seward," said the boy's father, "you must advise with me. This is a case for diplomacy."

The Secretary moved to the side of the President's chair and patted the boy on the head.

"Now, Thomas," he said, "you must remember that this house belongs to the nation, and that the kitchen is loaned for your use just for a few years. And Mr. Chase will tell you how expensive it is to carry on this war. So you must be careful not to run the government into debt. However, it also seems unwise to let promising young citizens starve. I guess the Chief Executive had better issue an order on the Commissary Department of the Presidential Residence for rations for seven boys."

Tad listened quietly to this speech, although he understood it only in part. But the twinkle in the speaker's eyes he understood very well, and he wriggled out of his father's arms, rushed to the table, and came back with pencil and paper. With a droll smile, the President wrote a line and signed it, remarking that he "reckoned Peter would come to time now." This "order" he delivered into the brown hands of the eager boy.

The Secretary of War stepped ponderously forward.

"My boy," he said, and there was a mellow quality in his voice which some members of the Cabinet did not remember ever to have perceived before, "you seem to care a great deal for the soldiers and their children. Wouldn't you like to be a soldier yourself?"

"Yes, I would, but I'm only a boy."

"Well," continued Stanton, "perhaps I can fix it so you may be a real soldier and a boy at the same time. Anyhow I'm going to make you a lieutenant of United States Volunteers. Maybe Peter will obey an army officer."

"Do you mean I'll have a uniform, and straps on my shoulders, and brass buttons, and a sword?"

"Why — yes, Tad, I think you would have to have all the trappings and pomp of your rank. And if you could muster a company, you might drill your men."

"Papa day, Papa day, you hear that?" cried the boy triumphantly. And then, as a doubt entered his mind, he added :

"He isn't laughing at me, is he, Papa day?"

"No, Tad," said the President, rising and putting his arm about the shoulders of his son. "No, I don't think Mars is laughing at you, but just to clinch the thing, I'd make him give me a regular commission if I were you."

Instantly Tad was in full eruption again.

"You mean a paper that I can show folks so they'll know I'm a soldier?" he cried, and with the question on his lips, he scrambled headlong to the table for paper, and then to the Secretary, like a small hurricane in knickerbockers, and that willing official promptly

drew up an impressive looking document, requiring the proper clerks in his Department to issue a commission as first lieutenant, and to provide the uniform and sword of the rank, the commission to be presented to himself for his signature, and to be forwarded duly to the White House to Thomas Lincoln, aged nine years.

Tad beamed upon the Secretary, dashed at the long legs of his father and wrapped his arms about one of them for a moment, and without another word clattered out of the door and down the hall.

— *F. Lauriston Bullard.*

LINCOLN'S POWER

And what was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence?

He was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend, Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

— *Henry Watterson.*

FATHER IS COMING

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done ;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire
And put the kettle on !
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace ;
He's stronger than the storm ;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is too warm :
For father's heart is stout and true,
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light ;
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame !
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear !

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now —
He's through the garden gate ;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait !
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands !
For father on the threshold stands.

— *Mary Howitt.*

A DAY WITH A COURTEOUS MOTHER

During the whole of one of last summer's hottest days I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey.

It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares. I remembered afterward, with shame, that I myself had smiled at the first sight of its antiquated ugliness; but her face was one which it gave you a sense of rest to look upon, — it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. It had little comeliness of shape or color in it, it was thin, and pale; she was not young; she had worked hard; she had evidently been much ill; but I have seen few faces which gave me such pleasure. I think that she was the wife of a poor clergyman; and I think that clergyman must be one of the Lord's best watchmen of souls.

The children — two boys and two girls — were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly. They had had a rare treat; they had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. Only a word-for-word record would do justice to their conversation; no description could give any idea of it, — so free, so pleasant, so genial, no interruptions, no

contradictions; and the mother's part borne all the while with such equal interest and eagerness that no one not seeing her face would dream that she was any other than an elder sister.

In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the eldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve. Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At the last, the mother produced with much glee three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence; just the shade of a cloud. The mother said, "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each of you."

"Oh, give Annie the orange. Annie loves oranges," spoke out the oldest boy, with a sudden air of a conqueror, and at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself.

"Oh, yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly.

Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with largest and most frequent mouth-



"ALL EYES FASTENED ON THE ORANGE"



fuls; and so the feast went on. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins; and, as I sat watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she saw longing in my face, and sprang over to me, holding out a quarter of her orange, and saying, "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled, understandingly, when I said, "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelt of heat. The oldest boy — the little lover — held the youngest child, and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. Now and then he looked over at her, and then back at the baby; and at last he said confidentially to me (for we had become fast friends by this time), "Isn't it funny, to think that I was ever so small as this baby? And papa says that then mamma was almost a little girl herself."

The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad-track, picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. They then came running to give them to their mother. "Oh dear," thought I, "how that poor, tired woman will hate to open her eyes! and she never can take those great bunches of common, fading flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"Oh, thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot, tired little flowers, how thirsty they look!

If they will only try and keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water; won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate, and one by mine."

Sweet and happy, the weary and flushed little children stood looking up in her face while she talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers and with delight in the giving of their gift. Then she took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers, and then the train came, and we were whirling along again.

Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers?

Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed little voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her own tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick."

In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, and the sleepy babies, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after I passed the little group, standing still just outside the station, and

heard the mother say, "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot if I go?"

"Oh, mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementoes of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly and said, —

"I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

"They will never die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other, "Wouldn't that have been too bad! Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy, sturdily.

They are sure of their "next summers", I think, all six of those souls, — children, and mother, and father. They may never again gather so many ox-eye daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. To such

souls as these, all trees, either here or in God's larger country, are Trees of Life, with twelve manner of fruits and leaves for healing; and it is but little change from the summers here, whose suns burn and make weary, to the summers there, of which "the Lamb is the light."

Heaven bless them all, wherever they are.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

COURTESY

Let the weakest, let the humblest remember, that in his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness — these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest, by small kindnesses.

— *F. W. Robertson.*

Whatever we are, high or lowly, learned or unlearned, married or single, in a full house or alone, charged with many affairs or dwelling in quietness, we have our daily round of work, our duties of affection, obedience, love, mercy, industry, and the like; and that which makes one man to differ from another is not so much what things he does, as his manner of doing them.

— *Cardinal Manning.*

BEN GETS A PLACE

When Ben awoke next morning, he looked about him for a moment half bewildered, because there was neither a canvas tent, a barn roof, nor the blue sky above him, but a neat white ceiling, where several flies buzzed sociably together, while from without came, not the tramping of horses, the twitter of swallows, or the chirp of early birds, but the comfortable cackle of hens and the sound of two little voices chanting the multiplication table.

Sancho sat at the open window watching the old cat wash her face, and trying to imitate her with his great ruffled paw, so awkwardly that Ben laughed; and Sancho, to hide his confusion at being caught, made one bound from chair to bed, and licked his master's face so energetically that the boy dived under the bedclothes to escape from the rough tongue.

A rap on the floor from below made both jump up, and in ten minutes a shiny-faced lad and a lively dog went racing down stairs, — one to say, "Good-mornin', ma'am," the other to wag his tail faster than ever tail wagged before, for ham frizzled on the stove, and Sancho was fond of it.

"Did you rest well?" asked Mrs. Moss, nodding at him, fork in hand.

"Guess I did! Never saw such a bed. I'm used to hay and a horse-blanket, and lately nothin' but sky for a cover and grass for my feather-bed," laughed Ben, grateful for present comforts and making light of past hardships.

"Clean, sweet corn-husks ain't bad for young bones,

even if they haven't got more flesh on them than yours have," answered Mrs. Moss, giving the smooth head a motherly stroke as she went by.

"Fat ain't allowed in our profession, ma'am. The thinner the better for tight-ropes and tumblin'; likewise bareback ridin' and spry jugglin'. Muscle's the thing, and there you are."

Ben stretched out a wiry little arm with a clenched fist at the end of it, as if he were a young Hercules, ready to play ball with the stove if she gave him leave. Glad to see him in such good spirits, she pointed to the well outside, saying pleasantly, —

"Well, then, just try your muscle by bringing in some fresh water."

Ben caught up a pail and ran off, ready to be useful; but, while he waited for the bucket to fill down among the mossy stones, he looked about him, well pleased with all he saw, — the small brown house with a pretty curl of smoke rising from its chimney, the little sisters sitting in the sunshine, green hills and newly-planted fields far and near, a brook dancing through the orchard, birds singing in the elm avenue, and all the world as fresh and lovely as early summer could make it.

"Don't you think it's pretty nice here?" asked Bab, as his eye came back to them after a long look, which seemed to take in everything, brightening as it roved.

"Just the nicest place that ever was. Only needs a horse round somewhere to be complete," answered Ben, as the long well-sweep came up with a dripping bucket at one end, an old grindstone at the other.

"The Judge has three, but he's so fussy about them he won't even let us pull a few hairs out of old Major's tail to make rings of," said Betty, shutting her arithmetic, with an injured expression.

"Mike lets *me* ride the white one to water when the Judge isn't round. It's such fun to go jouncing down the lane and back. I do love horses!" cried Bab, bobbing up and down on the blue bench to imitate the motion of white Jenny.

"I guess you are a plucky sort of a girl," and Ben gave her an approving look as he went by, taking care to slop a little water on Mrs. Puss, who stood curling her whiskers and humping up her back at Sancho.

"Come to breakfast!" called Mrs. Moss; and for about twenty minutes little was said, as mush and milk vanished in a way that would have astonished even Jack the Giant-killer with his leather bag.

"Now, girls, fly round and get your chores done up; Ben, you go chop me some kindlings; and I'll make things tidy. Then we can all start off at once," said Mrs. Moss, as the last mouthful vanished, and Sancho licked his lips over the savory scraps that fell to his share.

Ben fell to chopping so vigorously that chips flew wildly all about the shed; Bab rattled the cups into her dish-pan with dangerous haste, and Betty raised a cloud of dust "sweeping up"; while mother seemed to be everywhere at once. Even Sancho, feeling that his fate was at stake, endeavored to help in his own somewhat erratic way, — now frisking about Ben at the risk of getting his tail chopped off, then trotting away to poke his inquisitive nose into every closet and room

whither he followed Mrs. Moss in her "flying round" evolutions; next dragging off the mat so Betty could brush the door-steps, or inspecting Bab's dish-washing by standing on his hind-legs to survey the table with a critical air. When they drove him out he was not the least offended, but gayly barked Puss up a tree, chased all the hens over the fence, and carefully interred an old shoe in the garden, where the remains of the mutton-bone were already buried.

By the time the others were ready he had worked off his superfluous spirits, and trotted behind the party like a well-behaved dog accustomed to go out walking with ladies. At the cross-roads they separated, the little girls running on to school, while Mrs. Moss and Ben went up to the Squire's big house on the hill.

"Don't you be scared, child. I'll make it all right about your running away; and if the Squire gives you a job, just thank him for it, and do your best to be steady and industrious; then you'll get on, I haven't a doubt," she whispered, ringing the bell at a side-door, on which the word "Morris" shone in bright letters.

"Come in!" called a gruff voice; and, feeling very much as if he were going to have a tooth out, Ben meekly followed the good woman, who put on her pleasantest smile, anxious to make the best possible impression.

A white-headed old gentleman sat reading a paper, and peered over his glasses at the new-comers with a pair of sharp eyes, saying in a testy tone, which would have rather daunted any one who did not

know what a kind heart he had under his capacious waistcoat : —

“Good-morning, ma’am. What’s the matter now? Young tramp been stealing your chickens?”

“Oh, dear no, sir!” exclaimed Mrs. Moss, as if shocked at the idea. Then, in a few words, she told Ben’s story, unconsciously making his wrongs and destitution so pathetic by her looks and tones that the Squire could not help being interested, and even Ben pitied himself as if he were somebody else.

“Now, then, boy, what can you do?” asked the old gentleman, with an approving nod to Mrs. Moss as she finished, and such a keen glance from under his bushy brows that Ben felt as if he was perfectly transparent.

“Most anything, sir, to get my livin’.”

“Can you weed?”

“Never did, but I can learn, sir.”

“Pull up all the beets and leave the pigweed, hey? Can you pick strawberries?”

“Never tried anything but eatin’ ’em, sir.”

“Not likely to forget that part of the job. Can you ride a horse to plow?”

“Guess I could, sir!” — and Ben’s eyes began to sparkle, for he dearly loved the noble animals who had been his dearest friends lately.

“No antics allowed. My horse is a fine fellow, and I’m very particular about him.”

The Squire spoke soberly, but there was a twinkle in his eye; and Mrs. Moss tried not to smile; for the Squire’s horse was a joke all over the town, being about twenty years old, and having a peculiar gait of his own,

lifting his fore-feet very high, with a great show of speed, though never going out of a jog-trot. The boys used to say he galloped before and walked behind, and made all sorts of fun of the big, Roman-nosed beast, who allowed no liberties to be taken with him.

"I'm too fond of horses to hurt 'em, sir. As for ridin', I ain't afraid of anything on four legs. The King of Morocco used to kick and bite like fun, but I could manage him first-rate."

"Then you'd be able to drive cows to pasture, perhaps?"

"I've drove elephants and camels, ostriches and grizzly bears, and mules, and six yellow ponies all to oncet. May be I could manage cows if I tried hard," answered Ben, endeavoring to be meek and respectful when scorn filled his soul at the idea of not being able to drive a cow.

The Squire liked him all the better for the droll mixture of indignation and amusement betrayed by the fire in his eyes and the sly smile round his lips; and being rather tickled by Ben's list of animals, he answered, gravely, —

"We don't raise elephants and camels much round here. Bears used to be plenty, but folks got tired of them. Mules are numerous, but we have the two-legged kind; and as a general thing prefer Shanghai fowls to ostriches."

He got no further, for Ben laughed out so infectiously that both the others joined him; and somehow that jolly laugh seemed to settle matters better than words. As they stopped, the Squire tapped on the

window behind him, saying, with an attempt at the former gruffness:—

“We’ll try you on cows awhile. My man will show you where to drive them, and give you some odd jobs through the day. I’ll see what you are good for, and send you word to-night, Mrs. Moss. The boy can sleep at your house, can’t he?”

“Yes, indeed, sir. He can go on doing it, and come up to his work just as well as not. I can see to him then, and he won’t be a care to any one,” said Mrs. Moss, heartily.

“I’ll make inquiries concerning your father, boy; meantime mind what you are about, and have a good report to give when he comes for you,” returned the Squire, with a warning wag of a stern fore-finger.

“Thanky’, sir. I will, sir. Father’ll come just as soon as he can, if he isn’t sick or lost,” murmured Ben, inwardly thanking his stars that he had not done anything to make him quake before that awful finger, and resolving that he never would.

Here the Squire’s hired man came to the door, and stood eying the boy with small favor while the Squire gave his orders.

“Pat, this lad wants work. He’s to take the cows and go for them. Give him any light jobs you have, and let me know if he’s good for anything.”

With a hasty goodbye to Mrs. Moss, Ben followed his new leader, sorely tempted to play some naughty trick upon him in return for his ungracious reception.

But in a moment he forgot that Pat existed, for in the yard stood the Duke of Wellington, so named in honor of his Roman nose. If Ben had known any-

thing about Shakespeare, he would have cried, "A horse, a horse! — my kingdom for a horse!" for the feeling was in his heart, and he ran up to the stately animal without a fear. Duke put back his ears and swished his tail as if displeased for a moment; but Ben looked straight in his eyes, gave a scientific stroke to the iron-gray nose, and uttered a chirrup which made the ears prick up as if recognizing a familiar sound.

"He'll nip ye, if ye go botherin' that way. Leave him alone," commanded Pat.

"I ain't afraid! You won't hurt me, will you, old feller? See there now! — he knows I'm a friend, and takes to me right off," said Ben, with an arm around Duke's neck, and his own cheek confidently laid against the animal's; for the intelligent eyes spoke to him as plainly as the little whinny which he understood and accepted as a welcome.

The Squire saw it all from the open window, and called out, —

"Let the lad harness Duke, if he can. I'm going out directly, and he may as well try that as anything."

Ben was delighted, and proved himself so brisk and handy that the roomy chaise stood at the door in a surprisingly short time, with a smiling little ostler at Duke's head when the Squire came out.

His affection for the horse pleased the old gentleman, and his neat way of harnessing suited as well; but Ben got no praise, except a nod and a brief "All right, boy," as the equipage went creaking and jogging away.



"BEN GAVE A SCIENTIFIC STROKE TO THE IRON-GRAY NOSE"



Four sleek cows filed out of the barnyard when Pat opened the gate, and Ben drove them down the road to a distant pasture where the early grass awaited their eager cropping. By the school they went, and the boy looked pityingly at the black, brown, and yellow heads bobbing past the windows as a class went up to recite; for it seemed a hard thing to the liberty-loving lad to be shut up there so many hours on a morning like that.

But a little breeze that was playing truant round the steps did Ben a service without knowing it, for a sudden puff blew a torn leaf to his feet, and seeing a picture he took it up. It evidently had fallen from some ill-used history, for the picture showed some queer ships at anchor, some oddly-dressed men just landing, and a crowd of Indians dancing about on the shore. Ben spelled out all he could about these interesting personages, but could not discover what it meant, because ink evidently had deluged the page, to the new reader's great disappointment.

"I'll ask the girls; may be they will know," said Ben to himself as, after looking vainly for more stray leaves, he trudged on, enjoying the bobolink's song, the warm sunshine, and a comfortable sense of friendliness and safety, which soon set him to whistling as gayly as any blackbird in the meadow.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

BEN'S BIRTHDAY

A superb display of flags flapped gayly in the breeze on the September morning when Ben proudly entered his teens. An irruption of bunting seemed to have broken out all over the old house, for banners of every shape and size, color and design, flew from chimney-top to gable, porch and gateway, making the quiet place look as lively as a circus tent, which was just what Ben most desired and delighted in.

The boys had been up very early to prepare the show, and when it was ready enjoyed it hugely, for the fresh wind made the pennons cut strange capers. The winged lion of Venice looked as if trying to fly away home; the Chinese dragon appeared to brandish his forked tail as he clawed at the Burmese peacock; the double-headed eagle of Russia pecked at the Turkish crescent with one beak, while the other seemed to be screaming to the English royal beast, "Come on, lend a paw." In the hurry of hoisting, the Siamese elephant got turned upside down, and now danced gayly on his head, with the stars and stripes waving proudly over him. A green flag with a yellow harp and sprig of shamrock hung in sight of the kitchen window, and Katy, the cook, got breakfast to the tune of "St. Patrick's day in the morning." Sancho's kennel was half hidden under a rustling paper imitation of the gorgeous Spanish banner, and the scarlet sun-and-moon flag of Arabia snapped and flaunted from the pole over the coach house, as a delicate compliment to Lita, Arabian horses being considered the finest in the world.

The little girls came out to see, and declared it was the loveliest sight they ever beheld, while Thorny played "Hail Columbia" on his fife, and Ben, mounting the gate-post, crowed long and loud like a happy cockerel who had just reached his majority. He had been surprised and delighted with the gifts he found in his room on awaking, and guessed why Miss Celia and Thorny gave him such pretty things, for among them was a matchbox made like a mouse-trap. The doggy buttons and the horsey whip were treasures indeed, for Miss Celia had not given them when they first planned to do so, because Sancho's return seemed to be joy and reward enough for that occasion. But he did not forget to thank Mrs. Moss for the cake she sent him, nor the girls for the red mittens which they had secretly and painfully knit. Bab's was long and thin, with a very pointed thumb, Betty's short and wide, with a stubby thumb, and all their mother's pulling and pressing could not make them look alike, to the great affliction of the little knitters. Ben, however, assured them that he rather preferred odd ones, as then he could always tell which was right and which was left. He put them on immediately and went about cracking the new whip with an expression of content which was droll to see, while the children followed after, full of admiration for the hero of the day.

They were very busy all the morning preparing for the festivities to come, and as soon as dinner was over every one scrambled into his or her best clothes as fast as possible, because, although invited to come at two, impatient boys and girls were seen hovering about the avenue as early as one.

Soon a rush of boys took place, for every one was in a hurry to begin. So the procession was formed at once, Miss Celia taking the lead, escorted by Ben in the post of honor, while the boys and girls paired off behind, arm in arm, bow on shoulder, in martial array. Thorny and Billy were the band, and marched before, fifeing and drumming "Yankee Doodle" with a vigor which kept feet moving briskly, made eyes sparkle, and young hearts dance under the gay gowns and summer jackets.

The interesting stranger was elected to bear the prize, laid out on a red pin-cushion; and did so with great dignity, as he went beside the standard-bearer, Cy Fay, who bore Ben's choicest flag, snow-white, with a green wreath surrounding a painted bow and arrow, and with the letters W. T. C. done in red below.

Such a merry march all about the place, out at the Lodge gate, up and down the avenue, along the winding paths, till they halted in the orchard, where the target stood, and seats were placed for the archers while they waited for their turns. Various rules and regulations were discussed, and then the fun began. Miss Celia had insisted that the girls should be invited to shoot with the boys; and the lads consented without much concern, whispering to one another with condescending shrugs, "Let 'em try, if they like; they can't do anything."

There were various trials of skill before the great match came off, and in these trials the young gentlemen discovered that two at least of the girls *could* do something; for Bab and Sally shot better than many of the boys, and were well rewarded for their exertions by the

change which took place in the faces and conversation of their mates.

"Why, Bab, you do as well as if I'd taught you myself," said Thorny, much surprised and not altogether pleased at the little girl's skill.

"A lady taught me; and I mean to beat every one of you," answered Bab, saucily, while her sparkling eyes turned to Miss Celia with a mischievous twinkle in them.

"Not a bit of it," declared Thorny, stoutly; but he went to Ben and whispered, "Do your best, old fellow, for sister has taught Bab all the scientific points, and the little rascal is ahead of Billy."

"She won't get ahead of *me*," said Ben, picking out his best arrow, and trying the string of his bow with a confident air which re-assured Thorny, who found it impossible to believe that a girl ever could, would, or should excel a boy in anything he cared to try.

It really did look as if Bab would beat when the match for the prize came off; and the children got more and more excited as the six who were to try for it took turns at the bull's-eye. Thorny was umpire, and kept account of each shot, for the arrow which went nearest the middle would win. Each had three shots; and very soon the lookers-on saw that Ben and Bab were the best marksmen, and one of them would surely get the silver arrow.

Sam, who was too lazy to practice, soon gave up the contest, saying, as Thorny did, "It wouldn't be fair for such a big fellow to try with the little chaps," which made a laugh, as his want of skill was painfully evident. But Mose went at it gallantly; and, if his eye had been

as true as his arms were strong, the "little chaps" would have trembled. But his shots were none of them as near as Billy's; and he retired after the third failure, declaring that it was impossible to shoot against the wind, though scarcely a breath was stirring.

Sally Folsom was bound to beat Bab, and twanged away in great style; all in vain, however, as with tall Maria Newcome, the third girl who attempted the trial. Being a little near-sighted, she had borrowed her sister's eye-glasses, and thereby lessened her chance of success; for the pinch on her nose distracted her attention, and not one of her arrows went beyond the second ring, to her great disappointment. Billy did very well, but got nervous when his last shot came, and just missed the bull's-eye by being in a hurry.

Bab and Ben each had one turn more; and, as they were about even, that last arrow would decide the victory. Both had sent a shot into the bull's-eye, but neither was exactly in the middle; so there was room to do better, even, and the children crowded round, crying eagerly, "Now, Ben!" "Now, Bab!" "Hit her up, Ben!" "Beat him, Bab!" while Thorny looked as anxious as if the fate of the country depended on the success of his man. Bab's turn came first; and, as Miss Celia examined her bow to see that all was right, the little girl said, with her eyes on her rival's excited face, —

"I want to beat, but Ben will feel so bad, I 'most hope I sha'n't."

"Losing a prize sometimes makes one happier than gaining it. You have proved that you could do better than most of them; so, if you do not beat, you

may still feel proud," answered Miss Celia, giving back the bow with a smile that said more than her words.

It seemed to give Bab a new idea, for in a minute all sorts of recollections, wishes, and plans rushed through her lively little mind, and she followed a sudden generous impulse as blindly as she often did a wilful one.

"I guess he'll beat," she said, softly, with a quick sparkle of the eyes, as she stepped to her place and fired without taking her usual careful aim.

Her shot struck almost as near the center on the right as her last one had hit on the left; and there was a shout of delight from the girls as Thorny announced it before he hurried back to Ben, whispering anxiously, —

"Steady, old man, steady; you *must* beat that, or we shall never hear the last of it."

Ben did not say, "She won't get ahead of me," as he had said at the first; he set his teeth, threw off his hat, and, knitting his brows with a resolute expression, prepared to take steady aim, though his heart beat fast. and his thumb trembled as he pressed it on the bow-string.

"I hope you'll beat, I truly do," said Bab, at his elbow; and, as if the breath that framed the generous wish helped it on its way, the arrow flew straight to the bull's-eye, hitting, apparently, the very spot where Bab's best shot had left a hole.

"A tie! a tie!" cried the girls, as a general rush took place toward the target.

"No, Ben's is nearest. Ben's beat! Hooray!" shouted the boys, throwing up their hats.

There was only a hair's-breadth difference, and Bab could honestly have disputed the decision; but she did not, though for an instant she could not help wishing that the cry had been "Bab's beat! Hurrah!" it sounded so pleasant. Then she saw Ben's beaming face, Thorny's intense relief, and caught the look Miss Celia sent her over the heads of the boys, and decided, with a sudden warm glow all over her little face, that losing a prize *did* sometimes make one happier than winning it. Up went her best hat, and she burst out in a shrill, "Rah, rah, rah!" that sounded very funny coming all alone after the general clamor had subsided.

"Good for you, Bab! you are an honor to the club, and I'm proud of you," said Prince Thorny, with a hearty hand-shake; for, as his man had won, he could afford to praise the rival who had put him on his mettle, though she *was* a girl.

Bab was much uplifted by the royal commendation, but a few minutes later felt pleased as well as proud when Ben, having received the prize, came to her, as she stood behind a tree sucking her blistered thumb, while Betty braided up her dishevelled locks.

"I think it would be fairer to call it a tie, Bab, for it really was, and I want you to wear this. I wanted the fun of beating, but I don't care a bit for this girl's thing, and I'd rather see it on you."

As he spoke, Ben offered the rosette of green ribbon which held the silver arrow, and Bab's eyes brightened as they fell upon the pretty ornament, for to her "the girl's thing" was almost as good as the victory.

"Oh no; you must wear it to show who won. Miss

Celia wouldn't like it. I don't mind not getting it; I did better than all the rest, and I guess I shouldn't like to beat *you*," answered Bab, unconsciously putting into childish words the sweet generosity which makes so many sisters glad to see their brothers carry off the prizes of life, while they are content to know that they have earned them and can do without the praise.

But if Bab was generous, Ben was just; and though he could not explain the feeling, would not consent to take all the glory without giving his little friend a share.

"You *must* wear it; I shall feel real mean if you don't. You worked harder than I did, and it was only luck my getting this. Do, Bab, to please me," he persisted, awkwardly trying to fasten the ornament in the middle of Bab's white apron.

"Then I will. Now do you forgive me for losing Sancho?" asked Bab, with a wistful look which made Ben say, heartily, —

"I did that when he came home."

"And you don't think I'm horrid?"

"Not a bit of it; you are first-rate, and I'll stand by you like a man, for you are 'most as good as a boy!" cried Ben, anxious to deal handsomely with his feminine rival, whose skill had raised her immensely in his opinion.

Feeling that he could not improve that last compliment, Bab was fully satisfied, and let him leave the prize upon her breast, conscious that she had some claim to it.

"That is where it should be, and Ben is a true knight,

winning the prize that he may give it to his lady, while he is content with the victory," said Miss Celia, laughingly, to Teacher, as the children ran off to join in the riotous games which soon made the orchard ring.

"He learned that at the circus 'tunnymments', as he calls them. He is a nice boy, and I am much interested in him; for he has the two things that do most toward making a man, patience and courage," answered Teacher, smiling also as she watched the young knight play leap-frog, and the honored lady tearing about in a game of tag.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.* ("Under the Lilacs.")

THE HOUSEKEEPER

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, — 'tis well, —
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o'er nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam, —
Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at home.

— *Charles Lamb.*

THE OLD YELLOW LEATHER BOOK

We were very happy — I, Rupert, Henrietta, and Baby Cecil. The only thing we found fault with in our lives was that there were so few events in them.

It was particularly provoking, because we were so well prepared for events — any events. Rupert prepared us. He had found a fat old book in the garret, bound in yellow leather, at the end of which were "Directions how to act with presence of mind in any emergency"; and he gave lectures out of this in the kitchen garden.

Rupert was twelve years old. He was the eldest. Then came Henrietta, then I, and last of all Baby Cecil, who was only four. The day I was nine years old, Rupert came into the nursery, holding up his handsome head with the dignified air which became him so well that I had more than once tried to put it on myself before the nursery looking-glass, and said to me, "You are quite old enough now, Charlie, to learn what to do whatever happens; so every half-holiday, when I am not playing cricket, I'll teach you presence of mind near the cucumber frame, if you're punctual. I've put up a bench."

I thanked him warmly, and the next day he put his head into the nursery at three o'clock in the afternoon, and said — "The lecture."

I jumped up and so did Henrietta.

"It's not for girls," said Rupert; "women are not expected to do things when there's danger."

"*We take care of them,*" said I, wondering if my mouth looked like Rupert's when I spoke, and whether

my manner impressed Henrietta as much as his impressed me. She sat down again and only said, "I stayed in all Friday afternoon, and worked in bed on Saturday morning to finish your net."

"Come along," said Rupert. "You know I'm very much obliged to you for the net; it's a splendid one."

"I'll bring a camp-stool if there's not room on the bench," said Henrietta, cheerfully.

"People never take camp-stools to lectures," said Rupert, and when we got to the cucumber frame, we found that the old plank, which he had raised on inverted flower-pots, would have held a much larger audience than he had invited. Opposite to it was a rhubarb-pot, with the round top of a barrel resting on it. On this stood a glass of water. A delightful idea thrilled through me, suggested by an imperfect remembrance of a lecture on chemistry which I had attended.

"Will there be experiments?" I whispered.

"I think not," Henrietta replied. "There are glasses of water at the missionary meetings, and there are no experiments."

Meanwhile Rupert had been turning over the leaves of the yellow leather book. To say the truth, I think he was rather nervous; but if we have a virtue among us it is that of courage; and after dropping the book twice, and drinking all the water at a draught, he found his place, and began.

"How to act in an emergency."

"What's an emergency?" I asked. I was very proud of being taught by Rupert, and anxious to understand everything as we went along.

"You shouldn't interrupt," said Rupert, frowning. I am inclined now to think that he could not answer my question off-hand; for though he looked cross then, after referring to the book he answered me — "It's a fire, or drowning, or an apoplectic fit, or anything of that sort." After which explanation, he hurried on. If what he said next came out of his own head, or whether he had learned it by heart, I never knew.

"There is no stronger sign of good-breeding than presence of mind in an ——"

"— apoplectic fit," I suggested. I was giving the keenest attention, and Rupert had hesitated, the wind having blown over a leaf too many of the yellow leather book.

"An *emergency*," he shouted, when he had found his place. "Now we'll have one each time. The one for to-day is — How to act in a case of drowning."

To speak the truth, I would rather not have thought about drowning. I had my own private horror over a neighboring milldam, and I had once been very much frightened by a spring tide at the sea; but cowardice is not an indulgence for one of my race, so I screwed up my lips and pricked my ears to learn my duty in the unpleasant emergency of drowning.

"It doesn't mean being drowned yourself," Rupert continued, "but what to do when another person has been drowned."

The emergency was undoubtedly easier, and I gave a cheerful attention as Rupert began to question us.

"Supposing a man had been drowned in the canal, and was brought ashore, and you were the only people there, what would you do with him?"

I was completely nonplussed. I felt quite sure I could do nothing with him, he would be so heavy; but I felt equally certain that this was not the answer which Rupert expected, so I left the question to Henrietta's readier wit. She knitted her thick eyebrows for some minutes, partly with perplexity, and partly because of the sunshine reflected from the cucumber frame, and then said —

"We should bury him in a vault; Charlie and I *couldn't* dig a grave deep enough."

I admired Henrietta's foresight, but Rupert was furious.

"How *silly* you are!" he exclaimed, knocking over the top of the rhubarb-pot table and the empty glass in his wrath. "Of course I don't mean a dead man. I mean what would you do to bring a partly-drowned man to life again?"

"That wasn't what you *said*," cried Henrietta, tossing her head.

"I let you come to my lecture," grumbled Rupert bitterly, as he stooped to set his table right, "and this is the way you behave!"

"I'm very sorry Rupert, dear!" said Henrietta. "Indeed, I only mean to do my best, and I do like your lecture so very much!"

"So do I," I cried, "very, very much!" And by a simultaneous impulse Henrietta and I both clapped our hands vehemently. This restored Rupert's self-complacency, and he bowed and continued the lecture. From this we learned that the drowned man should be turned over on his face to let the canal water run out of his mouth and ears, and that his wet clothes should

be got off, and he should be made dry and warm as quickly as possible, and placed in a comfortable position, with the head and shoulders slightly raised.

All this seemed feasible to us. Henrietta had dressed and undressed lots of dolls, and I pictured myself filling a hot-water bottle at the kitchen boiler with an air of responsibility that should scare all lighter-minded folk. But the directions for "restoring breathing" troubled our sincere desire to learn; and this even though Henrietta practiced for weeks afterwards upon me. I represented the drowned man, and she drew my arms above my head for "*inspiration*", and counted "one, two"; and doubled them and drove them back for "*expiration*"; but it tickled, and I laughed, and we could not feel at all sure that it would have made the drowned man breathe again.

Meanwhile Rupert went on with the course of lectures, and taught us how to behave in the events of a fire in the house, an epidemic in the neighborhood, a bite from a mad dog, a chase by a mad bull, broken limbs, runaway horses, a chimney on fire, or a young lady burning to death. The lectures were not only delightful in themselves, but they furnished us with a whole set of new games, for Henrietta and I zealously practiced every emergency as far as the nature of things would allow. Covering our faces with wet cloths to keep off the smoke, we crept on our hands and knees to rescue a fancy cripple from an imaginary burning house, because of the current of air which Rupert told us was to be found near the floor. We fastened Baby Cecil's left leg to his right by pocket handkerchiefs at the ankle, and above and below the

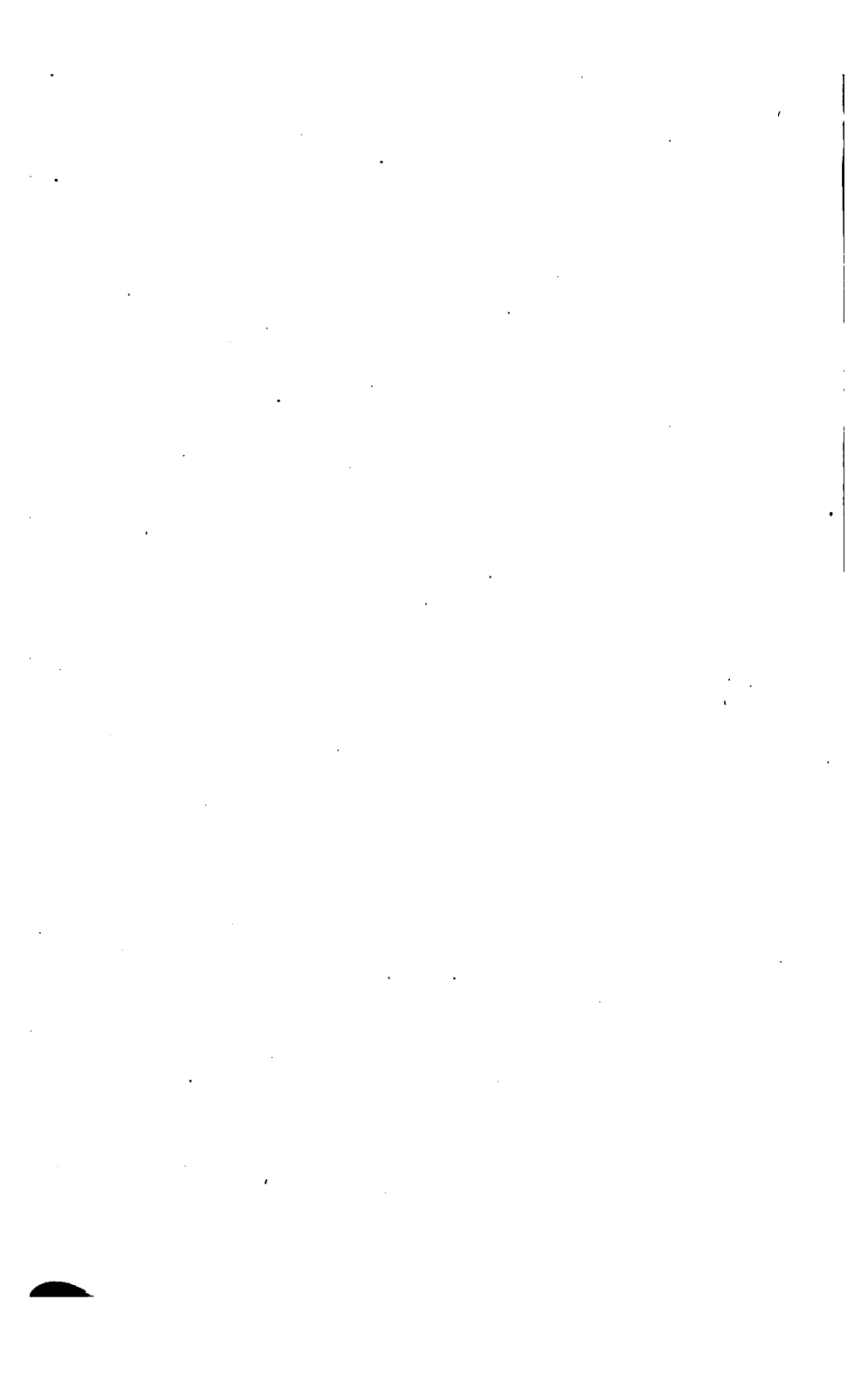
knee, pretending that it was broken and must be kept steady till we could convey him to the doctor. But for some unexplained reason Baby Cecil took offence at this game, and I do not think he could have howled and roared louder under the worst of real compound fractures. We had done it so skilfully, that we were greatly disgusted by his unaccommodating spirit, and his obstinate refusal to be put into the litter we had made out of Henrietta's stilts and a railway rug. We put the Scotch terrier in instead; but when one end of the litter gave way and he fell out, we were not sorry that the emergency was a fancy one, and that no broken limbs were really dependent upon our well-meant efforts.

There was one thing about Rupert's lectures which disappointed me. His emergencies were all things that happened in the daytime. Now I should not have liked the others to know that I was ever afraid of anything; but, really and truly, I was sometimes a little frightened — not of breaking my leg, or a house on fire, or an apoplectic fit, or anything of that sort, but — of things in the dark. Every half-holiday I hoped there would be something about what to do with robbers or ghosts, but there never was. I do not think there can have been any emergencies of that kind in the yellow leather book.

On the whole, I fancy Rupert found us satisfactory pupils, for he never did give up the lectures in a huff, though he sometimes threatened to do so, when I asked stupid questions, or Henrietta argued a point.

— *Juliana Horatia Ewing.*

OUTDOOR LIFE



THE LAND OF THE BLUE FLOWER

The plain was covered with thick green grass, and beautiful spreading trees grew on it. There was a richly draped platform for King Amor's gold and ivory chair, but when the people gathered about he stood up before them, a beautiful young giant with eyes like fixed stars and head held high. And he read his law in a voice which, wonderful to relate, was heard by every man, woman, and child — even by the little cripple crouching alone in the grass on the very outskirts of the crowd and not expecting to hear or see anything.

This is what he read :

“In my pleasaunce on the mountain top there grows a Blue Flower. One of my brothers, the birds, brought me its seed from an Emperor's hidden garden. It is as beautiful as the sky at dawn. It has a strange power. It dispels evil fortune and the dark thoughts which bring it. There is no time for dark thoughts — there is no time for evil. Listen to my Law. Tomorrow seeds will be given to every man, woman, and child in my kingdom — even to the newborn. Every man, woman, and child — even the newborn — is commanded by the law to plant and feed and watch over the Blue Flower. It is the work of each to make it grow. The mother of the newborn can hold its little hand and make it drop the seeds into the earth. As the child grows she must show it the green shoots when

they pierce the brown soil. She must babble to it of its Blue Flower. By the time it is pleased by color it will love the blossoms, and the spell of happiness and good fortune will begin to work for it. It is not one person here and there who must plant the flower, but each and every one. To those who have not land about them, all the land is free. You may plant by the roadside, in a cranny of a wall, in an old box or glass or tub, in any bare space in any man's field or garden. But each must plant his seeds and watch over and feed them. Next year when the Blue Flower blossoms I shall ride through my kingdom and bestow my rewards. This is my Law."

"What will befall if some of us do not make them grow?" groaned some of the Afraid Ones.

"There is no time to think of that!" shouted the boy who was clever. "Plant them!"

* * * * *

When the Prime Minister and his followers told the King that larger and stronger prisons must be built for the many criminals, and that heavier taxes must be laid upon the people to rescue the country from poverty, his answer to them was: "Wait until the blooming of the Blue Flower."

In a short time every one was working in the open air, digging in the soil — tiny children as well as men and women. Drunkards and thieves and idlers who had never worked before came out of their dark holes and corners into the light of the sun. It was not a hard thing to plant a few flower seeds, and because the King Amor looked so much more powerful than other men, and had eyes so wonderful and commanding, they did

not know what punishment he would invent for them and were afraid to disobey him. But somehow, after they had worked in the sweet-scented earth for a while and had seen others working, the light of the sun and the freshness of the air made them feel in better humor; the wind blew away their evil fancies and their headaches, and because there was so much talk and wondering about the magic of the Blue Flower they became interested, and wanted to see what it would do for them when it blossomed.

Scarcely any of them had ever tried to make a flower grow before and they gradually thought of it a great deal. There was less quarreling because conversation with neighbors all about a Blue Flower gave no reason for hard words. The worst and idlest were curious about it and every one tried experiments of his own. The children were delighted and actually grew happy and rosy over their digging and watering and care-taking.

Gradually all sorts of curious things happened. People who were growing Blue Flowers began to keep the ground around about them in order. They did not like to see bits of paper and rubbish lying about, so they cleared them away. One quite new thing which occurred was that sometimes people even helped each other a little. Cripples and those who were weak actually found that there were stronger ones who would do things for them when their backs ached, and it was hard to carry water or dig up weeds. No one in King Mordreth's Land had ever helped another before.

The boy who was clever did more than all the rest. He gathered together all the children he could and

formed them into a band using the passwords. In time it became quite like a little army. They called themselves The Band of the Blue Flower, and each boy and girl was bound to remember the passwords and apply them to all they did. So, often, when a number of people were together and things began to go wrong, a clear young voice would cry out somewhere like a silver battle cry :

“There is no time for anger !” or “There is no time for hate !” or “There is no time to fret ! There is no time.”

Among the great and rich people also singular things came to pass. Those who had wasted their days loitering or rioting were obliged to get up in the morning to work in their gardens, and finding that exercise and fresh air improved their health and spirits they began to like it. Court ladies found it good for their complexions and tempers ; busy merchants discovered that it made their heads clearer ; ambitious students found that after an hour spent evening and morning over their Blue Flower beds they could study twice as long without fatigue. The children of the princes and nobles became so full of work and talk of their soil and their seeds that they quite forgot to squabble and be jealous of each other's importance at Court.

Never in one story could it be told how many unusual, interesting, and wonderful things occurred in the once gloomy King Mordreth's Land just because every person in it, rich and poor, old and young, good and bad, had to plant and care for and live every day of life with a Blue Flower.

Oh ! the corners and crannies and queer places it was planted in ; and oh ! the thrill of excitement every-

where when the first tender green shoots thrust their way through the earth! And the wave of excitement which passed over the whole land when the first buds showed themselves. By that time every one was so interested that even the Afraid Ones had forgotten to ask each other what King Amor would do to them if they had no Blue Flower. Somehow, people had gained courage and they knew the Blue Flower would grow — and they knew there was no time to stop working while they worried and said "Suppose it didn't." There was no time.

Sometimes the young King was on the mountain top with the wind and the eagles and the stars, and sometimes he was in his palace in the city, but he was always working and thinking for his people. He was not seen by the people, however, until a splendid summer day came when it was proclaimed by heralds in the streets that he would begin his journey through the land by riding through the capital city to see the blossoming of the Blue Flowers, and there would be a feast once more upon the plain.

It was a wonderful day, the air was full of golden light and the sky of such a blueness as never had been seen before. Out of the palace gates he rode and he wore his crown, and his eyes were more brilliant than the jewels in it, and his smile was more radiant than a sunrise as he looked about him, for every breath he drew in was fragrant, every ugly place was hidden, and every squalid corner filled with beauty, for it seemed as if the whole world were waving with Blue Flowers. Tumble-down houses and fences were covered with them because some of them climbed like vines; neg-

lected fields and gardens had been made neat so that they would grow ; rubbish and dirt had been cleaned away to make room for clumps and patches of them.

You could not grow the Blue Flower among dirt and disorder any more than you could grow it while you were spending your time in drinking and quarrelling. By the road sides, in courts, in windows, in cracks, in walls, in broken places in roofs, in great people's gardens, on the window sills, or about the doorways of poor people's hovels — fair and fragrant and waving, grew the Blue Flower.

Where it waved there was no room for dirt and rubbish, and suddenly even the dullest people began to see that the face of the whole land was changed as if by some strange magic, and the whole population seemed changed with it. Everybody looked fresher and more cheerful, people had actually learned to smile and keep themselves clean, and there was not one who was not healthier. They had, in fact, been noticing this for some time, and they had said to each other that the power of the Blue Flower, of which the King had spoken, was beginning to work. The children had grown gay and rosy, and the boy who was clever and all his companions had found time to earn themselves new clothes, because they had never forgotten their passwords. All the farmers wanted them to work in their fields because they said there was no time to idle, no time to fight, no time to play evil tricks.

On the King rode, and on and on and on, and the farther he went the more splendid and joyous his smile grew.

But at no time during the day was it more beautiful

than when he met the little cripple who had sat on the outside of the crowd on the first feast day, not expecting to see or hear anything.

The cripple lived in a tiny hovel on the edge of the city, and when the glittering procession drew near it the small patch of garden was quite bare and had not a Blue Flower in it. And the little cripple was sitting huddled upon his broken door-step, sobbing softly with his face hidden in his arms.

King Amor drew up his white horse and looked at him and looked at his bare garden.

"What has happened here?" he said. "This garden has not been neglected. It has been dug and kept free of weeds, but my Law has been broken. There is no Blue Flower."

Then the little cripple got up trembling and hobbled through his rickety gate and threw himself down upon the earth before the King's white horse, sobbing hopelessly and heart-brokenly.

"Oh King!" he cried. "I am only a cripple, and small, and I can easily be killed. I have no flowers at all. When I opened my package of seeds I was so glad that I forgot the wind was blowing, and suddenly a great gust carried them all away forever and I had not even one left. I was afraid to tell anybody." And then he cried so that he could not speak.

"Go on," said the young King gently. "What did you do?"

"I could do nothing," said the little cripple. "Only I made my garden neat and kept away the weeds. And sometimes I asked other people to let me dig a little for them. And always when I went out I picked up the

ugly things I saw lying about — the bits of paper and rubbish — and I dug holes for them in the earth. But I have broken your Law.”

Then the people gasped for breath, for King Amor dismounted from his horse and lifted the little cripple up in his arms and held him against his breast.

“You shall ride with me to-day,” he said, “and go to my castle on the mountain crag and live near the stars and the sun. When you kept the weeds from your bare little garden, and when you dug for others and hid away ugliness and disorder, you planted a Blue Flower every day. You have planted more than all the rest, and your reward shall be the sweetest, for you planted without the seeds.”

And then the people shouted until the world seemed to ring with their joy, and somehow they knew that King Mordreth's Land had come into fair days and they thought it was the Blue Flower magic.

“But the earth is full of magic,” Amor said to the Ancient One, after the feast on the plain was over. “Most men know nothing of it and so comes misery. The first law of the earth's magic is this one. If you fill your mind with a beautiful thought there will be no room in it for an ugly one. This I learned from you and from my brothers the stars. So I gave my people the Blue Flower to think of and work for. It led them to see beauty and to work happily and filled the land with bloom. I, their King, am their brother, and soon they will understand this and I can help them, and all will be well. They shall be wise and joyous and know good fortune.”

The little cripple lived near the sun and the stars in the castle on the mountain crag until he grew strong and straight. Then he was the King's chief gardener. The boy who was clever was made captain of his band, which became the King's own guard and never left him. And the gloom of King Mordreth's Land was forgotten, because it was known throughout all the world as The Land of the Blue Flower.

— *Frances Hodgson Burnett.*

GREEN THINGS GROWING

Oh the green things growing, the green things growing,
ing,

The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.
ing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green
things growing!

How they talk each to each, when none of us are
knowing;

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so, — my green things growing!
And I think that they love me without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the mute soft comfort of green things growing.

— *Dinah Mulock Craik.*

CHANDRA'S THREAD OF LUCK

"Go, Chandra ; and may the stars tell aright that thou art born for a high place among men of thy caste."

As the father spoke he placed his hands on Chandra's bare shoulders, and looked earnestly into his son's face.

"Remember all I have taught thee of the garden-things," he went on. "Remember that thou must watch the insect-people as a tiger watches her cubs ; and remember more than all else that the grandfather ways are best in everything."

"I will not forget," Chandra replied. "This thread hears my promise," and he touched with two fingers of his right hand the thread of sacred grass which his father had plaited that very morning and bound around his son's arm as a talisman for luck.

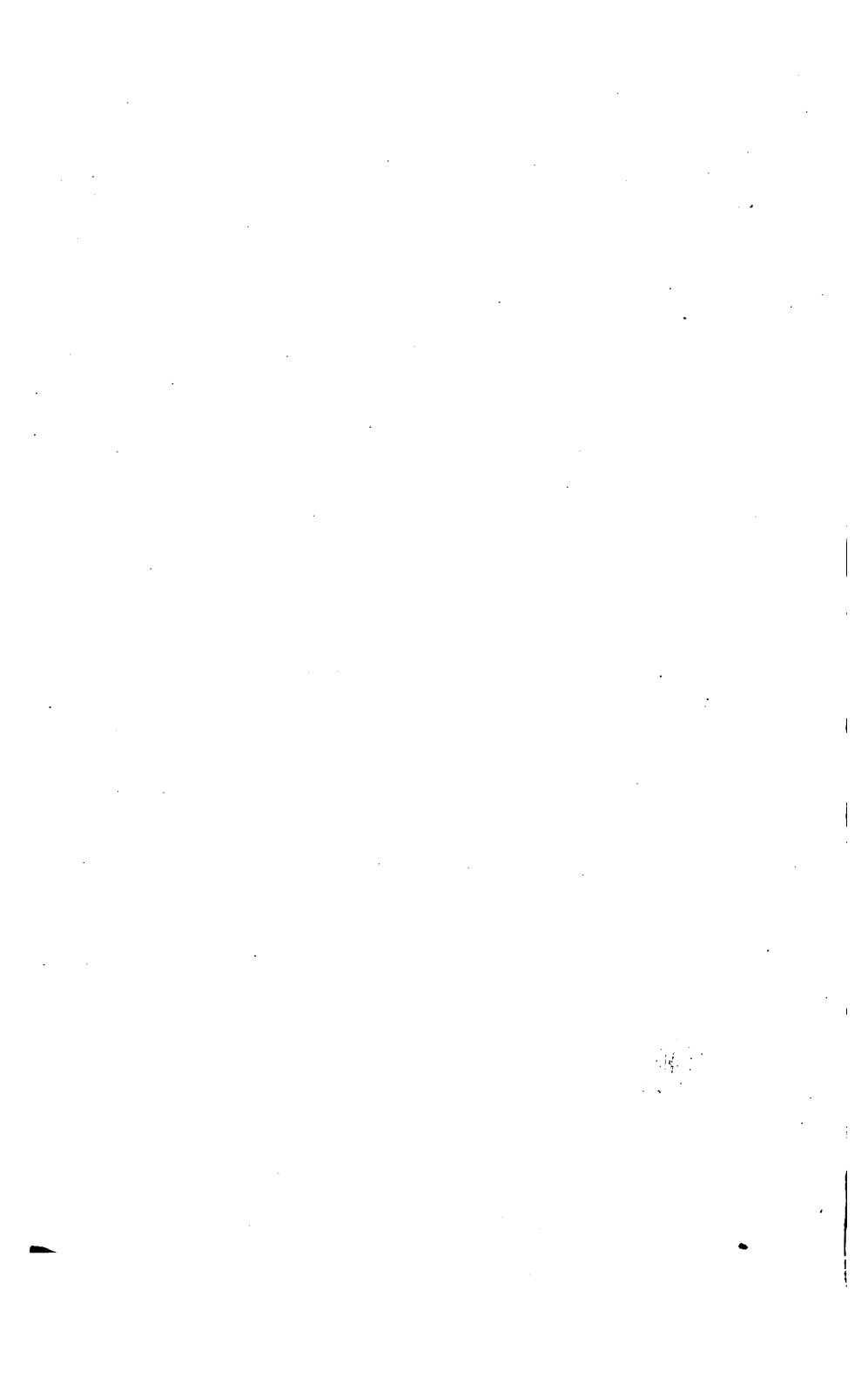
The man and boy had been standing for some time outside the great gates of the Maharajah's gardens. The sun had not yet peeped over the rim of the distant hills, and the city, which the day before had been all coral and gold in the flooding sunshine, seemed dull and sombre in the gray light of early dawn.

But now, with a rattle of tools, the magic man was coming down the street. When he clapped his hands at the entrance, the porter opened the gates to admit him, and Chandra slipped in, too, turning back for a hasty nod to his father, and then hurrying down the broad path to find the bed of marigolds.

For the next hour the old gardener, the magic man and the boy had not an idle moment, with the stirring of the earth about the roots, the building of a fire to



CHANDRA IN THE MAHARAJAH'S GARDENS



warm a kettle full of water, the careful blending of herbs and powders, and the endless chanting of incantations as the mixture was sprinkled around each tender plant.

When it was all over, and the white-ant people had been banished forever from the marigold plot, the magic man gathered up his tools and went his way. Old Pagal shuffled off to set his men to work, and Chandra was left alone once more in the garden.

He had begun to think for the hundredth time what he should say in answer to the Maharajah's questions, when he heard voices speaking rapidly, and two boys, Prince Ranga Singh and his new friend, Robert Bradford, came around a turn in the path.

"Caste is something I never shall understand," the English boy was saying, and Chandra, who had learned to speak and read English in the little village school at home, turned his head quickly to listen.

"It is very simple," the prince replied. "There are the four great castes, and every Hindu in India belongs to a division of one or another of them, unless he has become an outcast, which is a terrible misfortune. A child born in one caste must live his whole life in that same caste, obeying all its laws without a question. No one, not even the Maharajah himself, can escape the laws of caste."

Robert Bradford shook his head. "But who made the laws," he asked, "and why do you obey them?"

Ranga Singh beckoned to Chandra, and the boy came quickly forward, bowing profoundly, and then standing at one side so that no part of his shadow would fall across the prince or his shadow.

"You speak English, do you not?" Prince Ranga Singh inquired.

"Yes, Sahib."

"Then tell this boy who made the laws of caste."

"Yes, Sahib"; and Chandra bowed to the ground. "It was Brahma, the creator of all men," he began at once. "From his mouth came the highest caste, — the Brahmins; from his arms sprang the second caste, — the warriors; from his loins, the third, — the workers; and from his feet the lowest caste, — the peasants, — to serve the others."

"You are a Brahmin, then?" Robert asked the prince.

"Yes."

"And you, what are you?" he asked of Chandra.

"I am of the gardener caste of workers," the boy answered. "It is my father's caste, and my grandfather's, and my father-grandfather's; and so it will be my son's and my son's son's."

"Do you mean that you can never be anything but a gardener?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Don't you want to be anything else?"

"No, Sahib."

"Then you will just be a gardener all your life?"

"Yes, Sahib; but when I was born the stars foretold that I would have a high place among men of my caste, and if the Maharajah gives me work in these wonderful gardens, I shall be content."

"Suppose he asks you to be a punkah boy?"

"That I could not do," Chandra answered.

"He might make you a groom for one of his horses." Chandra shook his head.

"Or he might make you a messenger," Robert Bradford persisted. "You would like that, would you not, — to wear a little bronze medal around your neck and run on errands for the prince and his father?"

Again Chandra shook his head. "Not even the Maharajah can take me out of my caste," he replied.

"It is as the boy says," Ranga Singh interrupted. "Each one of the four great castes is divided into smaller castes, and no man can progress from one to another, or marry from one to another.

"A man of one caste must eat only with his own caste, and touch food prepared by those of his own caste or a higher caste. He cannot even drink water drawn from a well by one of a lower caste. A high-caste man is defiled if a lower caste touches him, or brushes against him; or if the shadow of a low-caste falls upon him or his shadow."

Chandra, who had already moved twice as the sun brought his shadow nearer the prince, now moved again, at the same time glancing uneasily toward the palace, as if he knew he should be taking his place in the long line standing every morning at the Maharajah's door to ask his favor or forgiveness.

Prince Ranga Singh caught the look. "You are right," he said. "My father will soon be ready to see you. I have told him that you know the ways of the insect-people, and he has a place for you, you may be sure."

And so it proved to be, for when Chandra had told his name and caste, and had answered the Maharajah's few brief questions, he was sent at once to old Pagal, — the happiest boy in all the coral city of Jaipur that day.

— *Etta Blaisdell McDonald.*

BRUTE NEIGHBORS

Sometimes I had a companion in my fishing, who came through the village to my house from the other side of the town, and the catching of the dinner was as much a social exercise as the eating of it.

Hermit. I wonder what the world is doing now. I have not heard so much as a locust over the sweet fern these three hours. The pigeons are all asleep upon their roosts, — no flutter from them. Was that a farmer's noon horn which sounded from beyond the woods just now? The hands are coming in to boiled salt beef and cider and Indian bread. Why will men worry themselves so? He that does not eat need not work. I wonder how much they have reaped. Who would live there where a body can never think for the barking of Bose? And Oh, the housekeeping! Better not keep a house. Say, some hollow tree; and then for morning calls and dinner-parties! Only a woodpecker tapping. O, they swarm; the sun is too warm there; they are born too far into life for me. I have water from the spring, and a loaf of brown bread on the shelf. — Hark! I hear a rustling of the leaves. Is it some ill-fed village hound yielding to the instinct of the chase? or the lost pig which is said to be in these woods, whose tracks I saw after the rain? It comes on apace; my sumachs and sweet-briers tremble, — Eh, Mr. Poet, is it you? How do you like the world to-day?

Poet. See those clouds; how they hang! That's the greatest thing I have seen to-day. There's nothing like it in old paintings, nothing like it in foreign

lands, — unless when we were off the coast of Spain. That's a true Mediterranean sky. I thought, as I have my living to get, and have not eaten to-day, that I might go a-fishing. That's the true industry for poets. It is the only trade I have learned. Come, let's along.

Hermit. I cannot resist. My brown bread will soon be gone. I will go with you gladly soon, but I am just concluding a serious meditation. I think that I am near the end of it. Leave me alone, then, for a while. But that we may not be delayed, you shall be digging the bait meanwhile. Angle worms are rarely to be met with in these parts, where the soil was never fattened with manure; the race is nearly extinct. The sport of digging the bait is nearly equal to that of catching the fish, when one's appetite is not too keen; and this you may have all to yourself to-day. I would advise you to set in the spade down yonder among the ground-nuts, where you see the johnswort waving. I think that I may warrant you one worm to every three sods you turn up, if you look well in among the roots of the grass, as if you were weeding. Or, if you choose to go farther, it will not be unwise, for I have found the increase of fair bait to be very nearly as the squares of the distances.

Hermit alone. Let me see; where was I? Methinks I was nearly in this frame of mind; the world lay about at this angle. Shall I go to heaven or a-fishing? If I should soon bring this meditation to an end, would another so sweet occasion be likely to offer?

.

Poet. How now, Hermit, is it too soon? I have got just thirteen whole ones, besides several which are imperfect or undersized; but they will do for the smaller fry; they do not cover up the hook so much. Those village worms are quite too large; a shiner may make a meal off one without finding the skewer.

Hermit. Well, then let's be off. Shall we to the Concord? There's good sport there if the water be not too high.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge, which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a confusion that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling.

So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more per-

fectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such a gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well.

The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighborhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here! He grows to be four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnering at night.

Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a

succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest.

Thither too the wood-cock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird.

There too the turtle-doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another.

Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; bloody war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more stubbornness than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer or die."

In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant

on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle ; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs ; his mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar, — for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red, — he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants ; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members ; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants.

I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

In the fall the loon came, as usual, to moult and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with his wild laughter before I had risen. At rumor of his

arrival all the Milldam sportsmen are on the alert, in gigs and on foot, two by two and three by three, with patent rifles and conical balls and spy-glasses. They come rustling through the woods like autumn leaves, at least ten men to one loon. Some station themselves on this side of the pond, some on that, for the poor bird cannot be omnipresent; if he dive here he must come up there. But now the kind October wind rises, rustling the leaves and rippling the surface of the water, so that no loon can be heard or seen, though his foes sweep the pond with spy-glasses, and make the woods resound with their discharges. The waves generously rise and dash angrily, taking sides with all waterfowl, and our sportsmen must beat a retreat to town and shop and unfinished jobs. But they were too often successful. When I went to get a pail of water early in the morning I frequently saw this stately bird sailing out of my cove within a few rods. If I endeavored to overtake him in a boat, in order to see how he would manœuvre, he would dive and be completely lost, so that I did not discover him again, sometimes, till the latter part of the day. But I was more than a match for him on the surface. He commonly went off in a rain.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days especially they settle on the lakes, like the milkweed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived

again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed loud and long, and with more reason than before. He manœuvred so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine.

It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes he would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he and so unweariable, that when he had swum farthest he would immediately plunge again, nevertheless; and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. It is said that loons have been caught in the New York lakes eighty feet

beneath the surface, with hooks set for trout, — though Walden is deeper than that. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoitre, and instantly dived again.

I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? Did not his white breast enough betray him? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could commonly hear the plash of the water when he came up and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly and swam yet farther than at first.

It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning,

— perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources.

Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

For hours, in fall days, I watched the ducks cunningly tack and veer and hold the middle of the pond, far from the sportsman; tricks which they will have less need to practice in Louisiana bayous. When compelled to rise they would sometimes circle round and round and over the pond at a considerable height, from which they could easily see to other ponds and the river, like black motes in the sky; and, when I thought they had gone off thither long since, they would settle down by a slanting flight of a quarter of a mile on a distant part which was left free; but what besides safety they got by sailing in the middle of Walden I do not know, unless they love its water for the same reason that I do.

— *Henry D. Thoreau.*

A BOY'S REMEMBRANCE OF THE BROAD COUNTRY

I lived for twelve years at Oulton. I learned how to handle a boat there, how to swim, how to skate, how to find the eggs of the many fowls in the reeds. In those days the broad country was a very wild land, half of it swampy.

My father gave me a coracle upon my tenth birthday. In this little boat I used to explore the country for many miles around, pushing up the creeks among the reeds, then watching in the pools (far out of the world it seemed) for ruffs or wild duck.

I was a hardy boy, much older than my years, like so many only children. I used to go away sometimes for two or three days together, with my friend, John Halmer, Captain Halmer's son, taking some bread, with a blanket or two as my ship's stores.

We used to paddle far up the Waveney to an island hidden in reeds. We were the only persons who knew of that island. We were like little kings there. We built a rough sort of tent-hut there every summer. Then we would pass the time there deliciously, now bathing, now fishing, but always living on what we caught.

John, who was a wild lad, much older than I, used to go among the gypsies in their great winter camp at Oulton. He learned many strange tricks from them. He was a good camp companion.

I think that the last two years of my life at Oulton were the happiest of my life. I have never cared for

dry or hilly countries since. Wherever I have been in the world I have always longed for the Broad, where the rivers wander among reeds for miles, losing themselves in thickets of reeds. I have always thought tenderly of the flat land, where windmills or churches are the only landmarks, standing up above the mist, in the loneliness of the fens.

— *John Masefield.*

CLEAR AND COOL

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shadow and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea ;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams, as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

THE SEASONS

SPRING

So forth issued the seasons of the year ;
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers,
That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers.

SUMMER

Then came jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, colored green,
That was unlined, all to be more light,
And on his head a garland well besene.

AUTUMN

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyéd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banishéd hunger.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort he bore ;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

WINTER

Lastly came winter clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
In his right hand a tippéd staff he held
With which his feeble steps he stayéd still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,
That scarce his looséd limbs he able was to weld.

— *Edmund Spenser.*

A BIT OF GREEN

Primrose Place was more like a yard than a street ; the houses were all irregular and of different ages ; on one side was a gap with palings round it, where building was going on ; and beyond rose a huge black factory. But the condition of Primrose Place was beyond description. I had never seen anything like it before, and kept as close to my father as was consistent with boyish dignity. The pathway was broken up, children squalled at the doors and quarrelled in the street, which was strewn with rags, and bones, and bits of old iron, and shoes, and the tops of turnips. I do not think there was a whole unbroken window in all the row of tall miserable houses ; and the wet clothes hanging out on lines stretched across the street, flapped above our heads. I counted three cripples as we went up Primrose Place. My father stopped to speak to several people, and I heard many complaints of the bad state of trade to which my sister had alluded. He gave some money to one woman, and spoke kindly to all ; but he hurried me on as fast as he could, and we turned at last into one of the houses.

My ill-humor had by this time almost worked itself off in the fresh air and the novel scenes through which we had come ; and for the present the morning's disappointment was forgotten, as I followed my father through the crowded miserable rooms, and clambered up staircase after staircase, till we reached the top of the house and stumbled through a latched door into the garret. After so much groping in the dark, the light dazzled me, and I thought at first that the room

was empty. But at last a faint "Good day" from the corner near the window drew my eyes that way; and there, stretched on a sort of bed, and supported by a chair at his back, lay the patient we had come to see.

He was a young man about twenty-six years old, in the last stage of that terrible disease so fatally common in our country — he was dying of consumption. There was no mistaking the flushed cheek, the painfully laborious breathing, and the incessant cough; while two old crutches in the corner spoke of another affliction — he was a cripple. His gaunt face lighted up with a glow of pleasure when my father came in, who seated himself at once on the end of the bed and began to talk to him, whilst I looked round the room. There was absolutely nothing in it, except the bed on which the sick man lay, the chair that supported him, and a small three-legged table. The low roof was terribly out of repair, and the window was patched with newspaper; but through the glass panes that were left, in full glory streamed the sun, and in the midst of the blaze stood a pot of musk in full bloom. The soft yellow flowers looked so grand, and smelled so sweet, that I was lost in admiration, till I found the sick man's eyes fixed on mine.

"You are looking at my bit of green, Master?" he said in a gratified tone.

"Do you like flowers?" I inquired, coming shyly up to the bed.

"Do I like 'em?" he exclaimed in a low voice. "Ay, I love 'em well enough — well enough," and he looked fondly at the plant, "though it's long since I saw any but these."

"You have not been in the country for a long time?" I inquired compassionately. I felt sad to think that he had perhaps lain there for months, without a taste of fresh air or a run in the fields, but I was *not* prepared for his answer.

"I never was in the country, young gentleman."

I looked at my father.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my glance, "it is quite true. William was born here. He got hurt when a boy, and has been lame ever since. For some years he has been entirely confined to the house. He was never out of town, and never saw a green field."

It was some time before I ventured to ask him, "Where did you get your plant?"

He smiled. "That's a long story, master; but it was this way. You see, my father died quite young in a decline, and left my mother to struggle on with eight of us as she could. She buried six, one after another; and then she died herself, and brother Ben and I were left alone. But we were mighty fond of one another, and got on very well. I got plenty of employment, weaving mats and baskets for a shop in the town, and Ben worked at the factory. One Saturday night he came home all in a state, and said there was going to be a cheap trip on the Monday into the country. It was the first there had been from these parts, though there have been many since, I believe. Neither he nor I had ever been out of the town, and he was full of it that we must go. He had brought his Saturday's wage with him, and we would work hard afterwards. Well, you see, the landlord had been that day, and had said he must have the rent by

Tuesday, or he'd turn us out. I'd got some of it laid by, and was looking to Ben's wages to make it up. But I couldn't bear to see his face pining for a bit of fresh air, and so I thought I could stay at home and work on Monday for what would make up the rent, and he need never know. So I pretended that I didn't want to go, and couldn't be bothered with the fuss; and at last I set him off on Monday without me.

"It was late at night when he came back like one wild. He'd got flowers in his hat, and flowers in all his button-holes; he'd got his handkerchief filled with hay, and was carrying something under his coat. He began laughing and crying, and 'Eh, Bill!' he said, 'thou hast been a fool. Thou hast missed summat. But I've brought thee a bit of green, lad, I've brought thee a bit of green.' And then he lifted up his coat, and there was the plant, which some woman had given him.

"We didn't sleep much that night. He spread the hay over the bed, for me to lay my face on, and see how the fields smelt, and then he began and told me all about it; and after that, when I was tired with work, or on a Sunday afternoon, I used to say, 'Now, Ben, tell us a bit about the country.' And he liked nothing better. He used to say that I should go, if he carried me on his back; but the Lord did not see fit. He took cold and went off three months afterwards.

"It was singular, the morning he died he called me to him, and said, 'Bill, I've been a dreaming about that trip, that thou didst want to go after all. I dreamt ——' and then he stopped, and said no more; but, after a bit, he opened his eyes wide, and pulled me to him, and he said, 'Bill, my lad, there's such

flowers in heaven, such flowers!' And so the Lord took him. But I kept the bit of green for his sake."

— *Juliana Horatia Ewing (Abridged).*

THE FIRST VIOLETS

It's a beautiful day to be glad in ;
The violets budded to-day.
And I found the first dear little primrose,
Looking up from the grass by the way.
Way up in the boughs of the elm-tree
The nest of the oriole swings,
And a bird is a-flit in the maple
With a quiver of blue in his wings.

There's a freshness of dew on the grasses,
An instinct of green in the trees,
And there's such a sweet tremble and quiver,
An impulse of life in the breeze.
I'm looking for something, I know not
What this that I look for may be,
There is just a vague joy of waiting,
For something that's going to be.

It's happy, it's happy, it's happy ;
The world has a flush of surprise,
Like a baby that just has awakened
With a wonder of thought in its eyes.
The first little primrose has budded,
It shines from the green in the way,
It's a beautiful day to be glad in,
The violets budded to-day.

— *Anna Hempstead Branch.*

MR. MOON

A SONG OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

O Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
Down on the hilltop,
Down in the glen,
Out in the clearin',
To play with little men?
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
Hurry up your stumps!
Don't you hear Bullfrog
Callin' to his wife,
And old black Cricket
A-wheezin' at his fife?
Hurry up your stumps,
And get on your pumps!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
Hurry up along!
The reeds in the current
Are whisperin' slow;
The river's a wimplin'
To and fro.
Hurry up along,
Or you'll miss the song!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
We're all here !
Honey-bug, Thistledrift,
White-imp, Weird,
Wryface, Billiken,
Quidnunc, Queered ;
We're all here,
And the coast is clear !
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down ?

O Mr. Moon,
We're all ready !
Tallenough, Squaretoes,
Amble, Tip,
Buddybud, Heigho,
Little black Pip ;
We're all ready,
And the wind walks steady !
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down ?

O, Mr. Moon,
We're thirty score ;
Yellowbeard, Piper,
Lieabed, Toots,
Meadowbee, Moonboy,
Bully-in-boots ;
Three times more
Than thirty score.
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down ?

O Mr. Moon,
Keep your eye peeled ;
Watch out to windward,
Or you'll miss the fun,
Down by the acre
Where the wheat-waves run ;
Keep your eye peeled
For the open field.
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down ?

O Mr. Moon,
There's not much time !
Hurry if you're comin',
You lazy old bones !
You can sleep to-morrow
While the Buzbuz drones ;
There's not much time
Till the church-bells chime.
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down ?

O Mr. Moon,
Just see the clover !
Soon we'll be goin'
Where the Gray Goose went
When all her money
Was spent, spent, spent !
Down through the clover,
When the revel's over !
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down ?

O Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
Down where the Good Folk
Dance in a ring?
Down where the Little Folk
Sing?
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

— *Bliss Carman.*

MINE HOST OF THE GOLDEN APPLE

A goodly host one day was mine,
A Golden Apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe and fine.

My host was the bountiful apple-tree ;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

And light-winged guests came not a few,
To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I slept at night on a downy bed
Of moss, and my host benignly spread
His own cool shadow o'er my head.

When I asked what reckoning there might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily : —
A blessing be thine, green Apple-tree !

— *Thomas Westwood.*

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY

PART FIRST

"Arise! my maiden Mabel,"
Her mother said, "arise!
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

"Arise! my little Mabel,
For thou must speed away,
To wait upon thy grandmother
This livelong summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pat of butter,
And this little flask of wine.

"And tell the dear old body
This day I cannot come,
For the goodman went out yester-morn,
And he has not come home.

"And more than this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me with this fever-pain
The little child will die.

"And thou canst help thy grandmother;
The table thou canst spread,
Canst feed the little dog and bird,
And thou canst make her bed.

“And thou canst fetch the water
From the Lady-well hard by,
And thou canst gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry.

“Canst go down to the lonesome glen
To milk the mother-ewe ;
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

“But listen now, my Mabel :
This is Midsummer Day,
When all the fairy people
From Elfland come away.

“And when thou art in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry flower,
Nor break the lady-fern.

“But think not of the fairy-folk,
Lest mischief should befall ;
Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lovest us all.

“Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer
If they should speak to thee.

“And when into the fir-wood
Thou goest for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down ;

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed ;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide ;
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offence ;

"For the queen of all the fairies
She loves that water bright ;
I've seen her drinking there, myself,
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou needst not fear ;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."

"Now all this I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
This live-long summer day."

PART SECOND

Away tripped little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot,
And summer mist had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good will —
How that her father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread,
And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day —
Thou know'st the Lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
Upon a leafy tree.

The next time that good Mabel went
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well, a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsey low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher from the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said ;
"Thou hast not spilt a drop, nor yet
The fairy stream troubléd.

"And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet may'st not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day —
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And naught could Mabel see
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

PART THIRD

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry ;
All in the neighboring fir-wood,
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wildwood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
With home-thoughts sweet and kind.

But all the while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh! but she is small and neat!"
Said one, "'t were shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite."

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue,
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe!"

"Oh! but she is a comely child,"
Said a third, "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day,
Seeing she broke no living bough,
No live thing did affray."

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,

Upon the dry and slippery path
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good ;
And with her fagots dry and brown
Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
'T will buy her clothes of the very best
For many and many a year."

PART FOURTH

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew —
Go down unto the lonesome glen
And milk the mother-ewe!"

All down into the lonesome glen
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-ewe
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as a midge's wing,
That spake aloud : "A human child
Is here, yet mark this thing !

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry-flower unta'en :
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain ?"

"Give her a fairy cake," said one ;
"Grant her a wish," said three ;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be."

Kind Mabel heard the words they spake,
And from the lonesome glen
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that Midsummer Day,
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

'T is good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind ;
'T is good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

— *Mary Howitt.*

A COLOSSAL FRIEND

Once, when Stas went hunting and Kali angled for fish beyond the waterfall, Nell decided to go to the rock which closed the ravine, to see whether Stas had done anything about its removal. Mea, occupied with preparations for dinner, did not observe her departure; while on the way, the little maid, gathering flowers, particularly begonia which grew abundantly in the rocky clefts, approached the declivity by which they at one time left the ravine, and descending found herself near the rock.

The great stone, detached from its native walls, obstructed the ravine as it had previously done. Nell, however, noticed that between the rock and the wall there was a passage so wide that even a grown-up person could pass through it with ease. For a while she hesitated, then she went in and found herself on the other side. But there was a bend there, which it was necessary to pass in order to reach the wide egress of the locked-in waterfall.

Nell began to meditate. "I will go yet a little farther. I will peer from behind the rocks; I will take just one look at the elephant who will not see me at all, and I will return." Thus meditating, she advanced step by step farther and farther, until finally she reached a place where the ravine widened suddenly into a small dell and she saw the elephant. He stood with his back turned towards her, with trunk immersed in the waterfall, and drank. This emboldened her, so pressing closely to the wall, she advanced a few steps, and a few more yet, and then the huge beast,

desiring to splash his sides, turned his head, saw the little maid, and, beholding her, moved at once towards her.

Nell became very much frightened, but as there was no time now for retreat, pressing knee to knee, she curtsied to the elephant as best she could; after which she stretched out her little hand with the begonias and spoke in a slightly quivering voice.

"Good day, dear elephant. I know you won't harm me; so I came to say good day — and I have only these flowers —"

And the colossus approached, stretched out his trunk, and picked the bunch of begonias out of Nell's little fingers, and putting them into his mouth he dropped them at once, as evidently neither the rough leaves nor the flowers were to his taste. Nell now saw above her the trunk like a huge black snake which stretched and bent; it touched one of her little hands and then the other; afterwards both shoulders, and finally descending it began to swing gently to and fro.

"I knew that you would not harm me," the little girl repeated, though fear did not leave her.

Meanwhile the elephant drew back his fabulous ears, winding and unwinding alternately his trunk, and gurgling joyfully as he always gurgled when the little girl approached the brink of the ravine.

And as at one time Stas and the lion, so now these two stood opposite each other — he, an enormity, resembling a house or a rock, and she a mite whom he could crush with one motion, not indeed in rage but through inadvertence.

But the good and prudent animal did not make

angry or inadvertent motions; evidently he was pleased and happy at the arrival of the little guest.

Nell gained courage gradually and finally raised her eyes upwards and, looking as though up to a high roof she asked timidly, raising her little hand:

"May I stroke your trunk?"

The elephant did not, indeed, understand English, but from the motion of her hand discerned at once what she wanted, and shoved under her palm the end of his trunk, which was over two yards in length.

Nell began to stroke the trunk; at first carefully with one hand, afterwards with both, and finally embraced it with both arms and hugged it with perfectly childish trust.

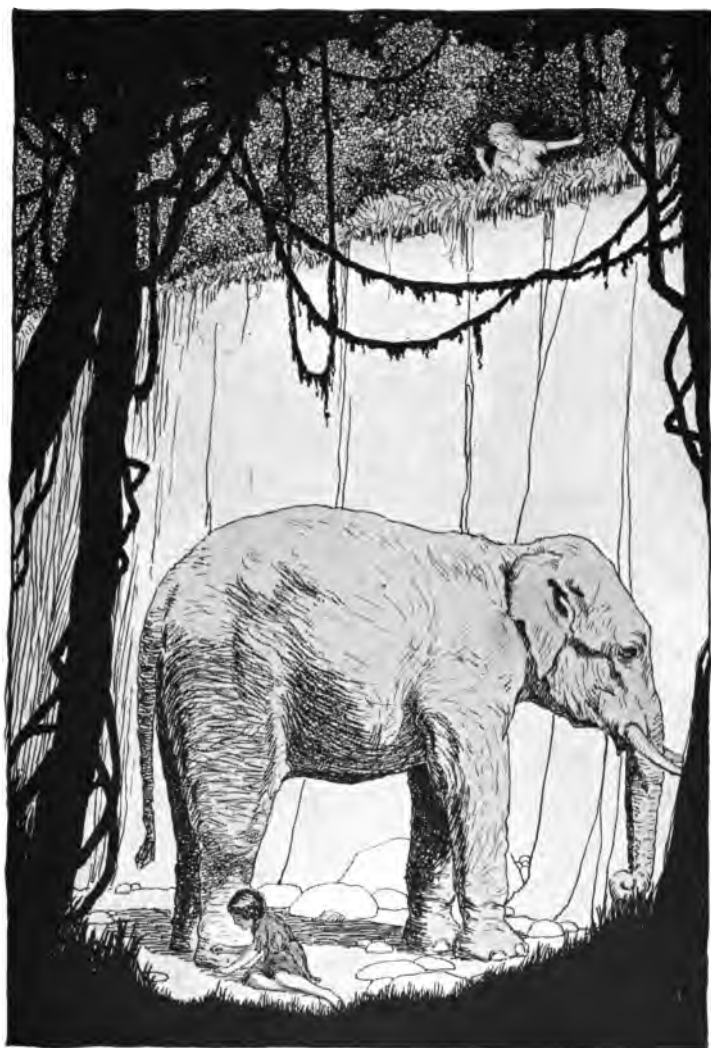
The elephant stepped from one foot to the other and continually gurgled from joy.

After a while he wound the diminutive body of the girl with his trunk and, lifting her up, began to swing her lightly right and left.

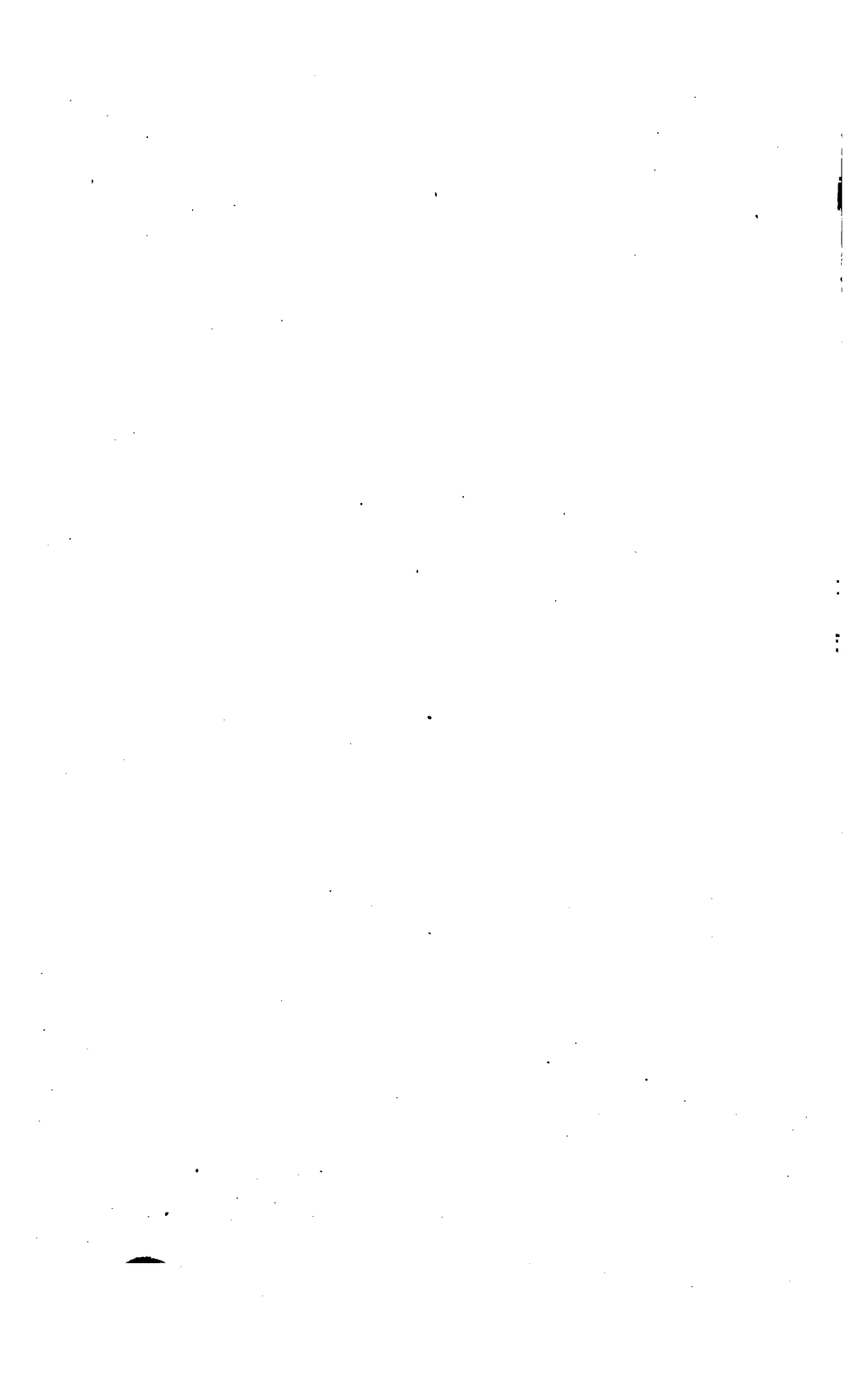
"More! More!" cried Nell, intensely amused.

And the play lasted quite a long time and afterwards the little girl, now entirely bold, invented a new one.

Finding herself on the ground, she tried to climb on the elephant's fore legs, as on a tree, or, hiding behind them, she asked whether he could find her. But at these frolics she observed one thing, namely, that numerous thorns were stuck in his hind legs; from these the powerful beast could not free himself, first because he could not conveniently reach his hind legs with his trunk, and again because he evidently feared to wound the finger with which the trunk ended and without which he would lose his skill and cleverness.



A COLOSSAL FRIEND



Nell was not at all aware that such thorns in the feet are a real plague to elephants in India and still more in the African jungles composed mainly of thorny plants. As, however, she felt sorry for the honest giant, without any thought, having squatted near his foot, she began to extract delicately at first the bigger splinters and afterwards the smaller, at which work she did not cease to babble and assure the elephant that she would not leave a single one. He understood excellently what she was concerned with, and bending his legs at the knee, showed in this manner that on the soles between the hoofs covering his toes there were also thorns which caused him still greater pain.

In the meantime Stas came from the hunt and at once asked Mea where the little lady was. Receiving a reply that she undoubtedly was in the tree, he was about to enter the interior of the baobab tree when at that moment it seemed to him that he heard Nell's voice in the depth of the ravine. Not believing his own ears, he rushed at once to the edge and, glancing down, was astounded. The little girl sat near the foot of the colossus which stood so quietly that if he did not move his trunk and ears, one would think that he was hewed out of stone.

"Nell!" Stas shouted.

And she, engaged with her work, answered merrily:

"At once! At once!"

To this the boy, who was not accustomed to hesitate in the presence of danger, lifted his rifle with one hand in the air and with the other grasped a dry liana stalk, which was stripped of its bark, and, winding his legs about it, slid to the bottom of the ravine.

The elephant moved his ears uneasily, but at that moment Nell rose and, hugging his trunk, cried hurriedly :

“Don’t be afraid, elephant ! That is Stas.”

Stas perceived at once that she was in no danger, but his legs yet trembled under him, his heart palpitated violently, and before he recovered from the sensation, he began to speak in a choking voice, full of grief and anger :

“Nell ! Nell ! How could you do this ?”

And she began to explain that she did not do anything wrong, for the elephant was good and was already entirely tamed ; that she wanted to take only one look at him and return, but he stopped her and began to play with her, that he swung her very carefully, and if Stas wanted he would swing him also.

Saying this, she took hold of the end of the trunk with one hand and drew it to Stas, while she waved the other hand right and left, saying at the same time to the elephant :

“Elephant ! Swing Stas also.”

The wise animal surmised from her gesture what she wanted of him, and Stas, caught by the belt of his trousers, in one moment found himself in mid-air. In this there was such a strange and amusing contrast between his still angry mien and his rocking above the earth that the little “Mzimu” began to laugh until the tears came, clapping all the time her hands and shouting as before :

“More ! More !”

And as it is impossible to preserve an appropriate dignity and deliver a lecture on deportment at a time

when one is suspended from the end of an elephant's trunk and involuntarily goes through the motions of a pendulum, the boy in the end began to laugh also. But after a certain time, noticing that the motions of the trunk were slackening and the elephant intended to deposit him on the ground, a new idea unexpectedly occurred to him, and, taking advantage of the moment at which he found himself close to the prodigious ear, he grabbed it with both hands and in the twinkling of an eye climbed over it to the head and sat on the elephant's neck.

"Aha!" he exclaimed from above to Nell; "let him understand that he must obey me."

And he began to stroke the elephant's head with his palm with the mien of a ruler and master.

"Good!" cried Nell from below, "but how will you get down now?"

"That is small trouble," Stas answered.

And slinging his legs over the elephant's forehead, he entwined the trunk with them and slid over it as if down a tree.

"That is how I come down."

After which both began to pick out the rest of the thorns from the legs of the elephant, who submitted with the greatest patience.

— *Henryk Sienkiewicz.*

A DOG OF FLANDERS

I

Nello and Patrasche were left all alone in the world.

They were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. Nello was a little Ardennois, — Patrasche was a big Fleming. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days; both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. It had been the beginning of the tie between them, their first bond of sympathy; and it had strengthened day by day, and had grown with their growth, firm and indissoluble, until they loved one another very greatly.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little village, — a Flemish village a league from Antwerp, set amidst flat breadths of pasture and corn-lands, with long lines of poplars and of alders bending in the breeze on the edge of the great canal which ran through it. It had about a score of houses and homesteads, with shutters of bright green or sky-blue, and roofs rose-red or black and white, and walls whitewashed until they shone in the sun like snow. In the centre of the village stood a windmill, placed on a little moss-grown slope; it was a landmark to all the level country round. It had once been painted scarlet, sails and all, but that had been in its infancy, half a century or more earlier, when it had ground wheat for the soldiers of Napoleon; and it was now a ruddy brown, tanned by wind and weather. It went queerly by fits and starts, as though

rheumatic and stiff in the joints from age, but it served the whole neighborhood, which would have thought it almost as impious to carry grain elsewhere as to attend any other religious service than the mass that was performed at the altar of the little old gray church, with its conical steeple, which stood opposite to it, and whose single bell rang morning, noon, and night with that strange, subdued, hollow sadness which every bell that hangs in the Low Countries seems to gain as an integral part of its melody.

Within sound of the little melancholy clock, almost from their birth upward, they had dwelt together, Nello and Patrasche, in the little hut on the edge of the village, with the cathedral spire of Antwerp rising in the northeast, beyond the great green plain of seeding grass and spreading corn that stretched away from them like a tideless, changeless sea. It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man, — of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who remembered the wars that had trampled the country as oxen tread down the furrows, and who had brought from his service nothing except a wound, which had made him a cripple.

When old Jehan Daas had reached his full eighty, his daughter had died in the Ardennes, hard by Stavelot, and had left him in legacy her two-year-old son. The old man could ill contrive to support himself, but he took up the additional burden uncomplainingly, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello — which was but a pet diminutive for Nicolas — thrived with him, and the old man and the little child lived in the poor little hut contentedly.

It was a very humble little mud-hut indeed, but it was clean and white as a sea-shell, and stood in a small plot of garden ground that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins. They were very poor, terribly poor, — many a day they had nothing at all to eat. They never by any chance had enough; to have enough to eat would have been to have reached paradise at once. But the old man was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a beautiful, innocent, truthful, tender-natured creature; and they were happy on a crust and a few leaves of cabbage, and asked no more of earth or heaven; save indeed that Patrasche should be always with them, since without Patrasche where would they have been?

For Patrasche was their alpha and omega; their treasury and granary; their store of gold and wand of wealth; their bread-winner and minister; their only friend and comforter. Patrasche dead or gone from them, they must have laid themselves down and died likewise. Patrasche was body, brains, hands, head, and feet to both of them: Patrasche was their very life, their very soul. For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog.

A dog of Flanders, — yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly from sire to son in Flanders many a century, — slaves of slaves, dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts and the harness, creatures

that lived straining their sinews in the gall of the cart, and died breaking their hearts on the flints of the streets.

Patrasche had been born of parents who had labored hard all their days over the sharp-set stones of the various cities and the long, shadowless, weary roads of the two Flanders and of Brabant. He had been born to no other heritage than those of pain and of toil. He had been fed on curses and baptized with blows. Why not? Patrasche was but a dog. Before he was fully grown he had known the bitter gall of the cart and the collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month he had become the property of a hardware-dealer, who was accustomed to wander over the land north and south, from the blue sea to the green mountains. They sold him for a small price, because he was so young.

This man was a drunkard and a brute. The life of Patrasche was a life of hell. His purchaser was a sullen, ill-living, brutal Brabantois, who heaped his cart full with pots and pans and flagons and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged idly by the side in fat and sluggish ease, smoking his black pipe and stopping at every wineshop or café on the road.

Happily for Patrasche — or unhappily — he was very strong: he came of an iron race, long born and bred to such cruel travail; so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the scarifying lashes, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, the curses, and the exhaustion which

are the only wages with which the Flemings repay the most patient and laborious of all their four-footed victims.

One day, after two years of this long and deadly agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Rubens. It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was very heavy, piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his quivering loins. The Brabantois had paused to drink beer himself at every wayside house, but he had forbidden Patrasche to stop a moment for a draught from the canal. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse to him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve, being blind with dust, sore with blows, and stupefied with the merciless weight which dragged upon his loins, Patrasche, for once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun: he was sick unto death, and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy, — kicks and oaths and blows with a cudgel of oak, which had been often the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, ever offered to him. But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust.

After a while, finding it useless to assail his ribs with punishment and his ears with maledictions, the Brabantois — deeming life gone in him, or going so nearly that his carcass was forever useless, unless indeed some one should strip it of the skin for gloves — cursed him fiercely in farewell, struck off the leathern bands of the harness, kicked his body heavily aside into the grass, and, groaning and muttering in savage wrath, pushed the cart lazily along the road up hill, and left the dying dog there for the ants to sting and for the crows to pick.

It was the last day before Kermesse away at Louvain, and the Brabantois was in haste to reach the fair and get a good place for his truck of brass wares. He was in fierce wrath, because Patrasche had been a strong and much-enduring animal, and because he himself had now the hard task of pushing his cart all the way to Louvain. But to stay to look after Patrasche never entered his thoughts: the beast was dying and useless, and he would steal, to replace him, the first large dog that he found wandering alone out of sight of its master. Patrasche had cost him nothing, or next to nothing, and for two long, cruel years he had made him toil ceaselessly in his service from sunrise to sunset, through summer and winter, in fair weather and foul.

He had got a fair use and a good profit out of Patrasche: being human, he was wise, and left the dog to draw his last breath alone in the ditch, and have his bloodshot eyes plucked out as they might be by the birds, whilst he himself went on his way to beg and to steal, to eat and to drink, to dance and to sing,

in the mirth at Louvain. A dying dog, a dog of the cart, — why should he waste hours over its agonies at peril of losing a handful of copper coins, at peril of a shout of laughter?

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass-green ditch. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts, went by, tramping quickly and joyously on to Louvain. Some saw him, most did not even look: all passed on. A dead dog more or less, — it was nothing in Brabant: it would be nothing anywhere in the world.

After a time, amongst the holiday-makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame, and very feeble. He was in no guise for feasting: he was very poorly and miserably clad, and he dragged his silent way slowly through the dust amongst the pleasure-seekers. He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, which were for him breast-high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met, — the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

II

The upshot of that day was, that old Jehan Daas, with much laborious effort, drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was a stone's-throw

off amidst the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness, which had been a brain-seizure, brought on by heat and thirst and exhaustion, with time and shade and rest passed away, and health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness the two had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and the little happy child. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived; and when he first was well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello, in delighted glee, hung round his rugged neck with chains of marguerites, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So then, when Patrasche arose, himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered once in its fidelity whilst life abode with him.

But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his friends.

Now, the old soldier, Jehan Daas, could do nothing

for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he carried daily the milk-cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle away into the town of Antwerp. The villagers gave him the employment a little out of charity, — more because it suited them well to send their milk into the town by so honest a carrier, and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

Patrasche watched the milk-cans come and go that one day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreath of marguerites round his tawny neck.

The next morning, Patrasche, before the old man had touched the cart, arose and walked to it and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten. Jehan Daas resisted long, for the old man was one of those who thought it a foul shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gainsaid: finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length Jehan Daas gave way, vanquished by the persistence and the gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this he did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying

dog in the ditch that fair-day of Louvain; for he was very old, and he grew feebler with each year, and he would ill have known how to pull his load of milk-cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength and the industry of the animal he had befriended. As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, at the call of the whip at every step, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little light green cart, with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would, to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

Fortunately for his peace, his former owner was killed in a drunken brawl at the Kermesse of Mechlin, and so sought not after him nor disturbed him in his new and well-loved home.

A few years later, old Jehan Daas, who had always been a cripple, became so paralyzed with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello, being now grown to his sixth year of age, and knowing the town well from having accompanied his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart, and sold the milk and received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their respective owners with a pretty grace and seriousness which charmed all who beheld him.

The little Ardennois was a beautiful child, with dark, grave, tender eyes, and a lovely bloom upon his face, and fair locks that clustered to his throat; and many an artist sketched the group as it went by him, — the green cart with the brass flagons and the great tawny-colored, massive dog, with his belled harness that chimed cheerily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him which had little white feet in great wooden shoes, and a soft, grave, innocent, happy face like the little fair children of Rubens.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out, but could sit in the doorway in the sun and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze and dream and pray a little, and then awake again as the clock tolled three and watch for their return. And on their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day; and they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain, and see the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire; and then lie down together to sleep peacefully while the old man said a prayer.

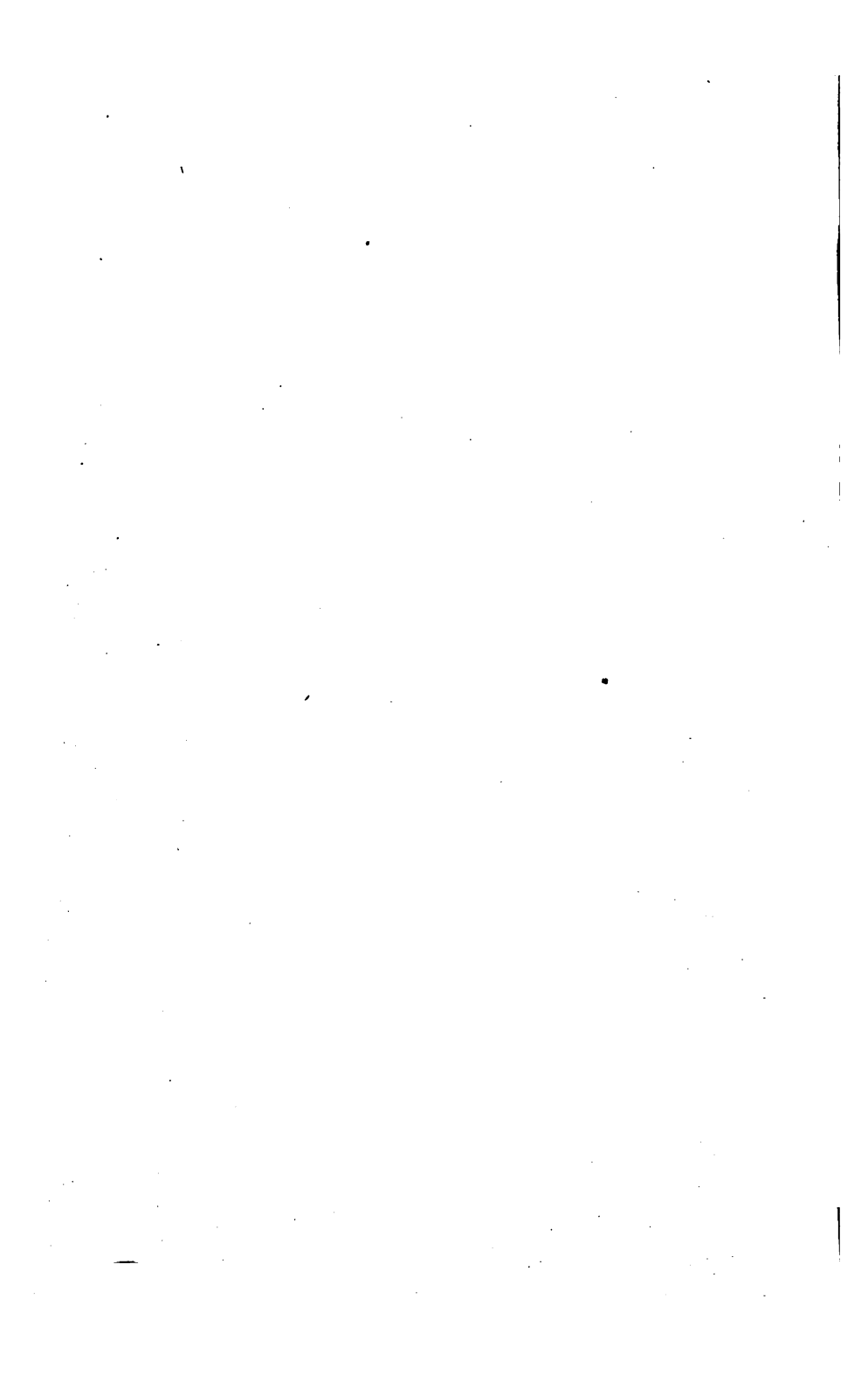
III

So the days and the years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy, innocent, and healthful.

In the spring and summer especially were they



A DOG OF FLANDERS



glad. Flanders is not a lovely land, and around the city of Rubens it is perhaps least lovely of all. Corn and colza, pasture and plough, succeed each other on the characterless plain in wearying repetition, and save by some gaunt gray tower, with its peal of pathetic bells, or some figure coming athwart the fields, made picturesque by a gleaner's bundle or a woodman's fagot, there is no change, no variety, no beauty anywhere; and he who has dwelt upon the mountains or amidst the forests feels oppressed as by imprisonment with the tedium and the endlessness of that vast and dreary level. But it is green and very fertile, and it has wide horizons that have a certain charm of their own even in their dulness and monotony; and amongst the rushes by the waterside the flowers grow, and the trees rise tall and fresh where the barges glide with their great hulks black against the sun, and their little green barrels and vari-colored flags gay against the leaves. Anyway, there is greenery and breadth of space enough to be as good as beauty to a child and a dog; and these two asked no better, when their work was done, than to lie buried in the lush grasses on the side of the canal, and watch the cumbrous vessels drifting by and bringing the crisp salt smell of the sea amongst the blossoming scents of the country summer.

True, in the winter it was harder, and they had to rise in the darkness and the bitter cold, and they had seldom as much as they could have eaten any day, and the hut was scarce better than a shed when the nights were cold, although it looked so pretty in warm weather, buried in a great kindly-clambering

vine, that never bore fruit, indeed, but which covered it with luxuriant green tracery all through the months of blossom and harvest. In winter the winds found many holes in the walls of the poor little hut, and the vine was black and leafless, and the bare lands looked very bleak and drear without, and sometimes within the floor was flooded and then frozen. In winter it was hard, and the snow numbed the little white limbs of Nello, and the icicles cut the brave, untiring feet of Patrasche.

But even then they were never heard to lament, either of them. The child's wooden shoes and the dog's four legs would trot manfully together over the frozen fields to the chime of the bells on the harness; and then sometimes, in the streets of Antwerp, some housewife would bring them a bowl of soup and a handful of bread, or some kindly trader would throw some billets of fuel into the little cart as it went homeward, or some woman in their own village would bid them keep some share of the milk they carried for their own food; and then they would run over the white lands, through the early darkness, bright and happy, and burst with a shout of joy into their home.

So, on the whole, it was well with them, very well; and Patrasche, meeting on the highway or in the public streets the many dogs who toiled from day-break into nightfall, paid only with blows and curses, and loosened from the shafts with a kick to starve, and freeze as best they might, — Patrasche in his heart was very grateful to his fate, and thought it the fairest and the kindest the world could hold. Though he was often very hungry indeed when he lay

down at night; though he had to work in the heats of summer noons and the rasping chills of winter dawns; though his feet were often tender with wounds from the sharp edges of the jagged pavement; though he had to perform tasks beyond his strength and against his nature, — yet he was grateful and content: he did his duty with each day, and the eyes that he loved smiled down on him. It was sufficient for Patrasche.

There was only one thing which caused Patrasche any uneasiness in his life, and it was this. Antwerp, as all the world knows, is full at every turn of old piles of stones, dark and ancient and majestic, standing in crooked courts, jammed against gateways and taverns, rising by the water's edge, with bells ringing above them in the air, and ever and again out of their arched doors a swell of music pealing. There they remain, the grand old sanctuaries of the past, shut in amidst the squalor, the hurry, the crowds, the unloveliness and the commerce of the modern world, and all day long the clouds drift and the birds circle and the winds sigh around them, and beneath the earth at their feet there sleeps — RUBENS.

And the greatness of the mighty Master still rests upon Antwerp, and wherever we turn in its narrow streets his glory lies therein, so that all mean things are thereby transfigured; and as we pace slowly through the winding ways, and by the edge of the stagnant water, and through the noisome courts, his spirit abides with us, and the heroic beauty of his visions is about us, and the stones that once felt his footsteps and bore his shadow seem to arise and speak

of him with living voices. For the city which is the tomb of Rubens still lives to us through him, and him alone.

It is so quiet there by that great white sepulchre, — so quiet, save only when the organ peals and the choir cries aloud the *Salve Regina* or the *Kyrie Eleison*. Sure no artist ever had a greater gravestone than that pure marble sanctuary gives to him in the heart of his birthplace in the chancel of St. Jacques.

Without Rubens, what were Antwerp? A dirty, dusky, bustling mart, which no man would ever care to look upon save the traders who do business on its wharves. With Rubens, to the whole world of men it is a sacred name, a sacred soil.

O nations! closely should you treasure your great men, for by them alone will the future know of you. Flanders in her generations has been wise. In his life she glorified this greatest of her sons, and in his death she magnifies his name. But her wisdom is very rare.

Now, the trouble of Patrasche was this. Into these great, sad piles of stones, that reared their melancholy majesty above the crowded roofs, the child Nello would many and many a time enter, and disappear through their dark, arched portals, whilst Patrasche, left without upon the pavement, would wearily and vainly ponder on what could be the charm which thus allured from him his inseparable and beloved companion. Once or twice he did essay to see for himself, clattering up the steps with his milk-cart behind him; but thereon he had been always sent back again summarily by a tall custodian in black clothes and silver chains of office; and fearful of

bringing his little master into trouble, he desisted, and remained couched patiently before the churches until such time as the boy reappeared. It was not the fact of his going into them which disturbed Patrasche: he knew that people went to church: all the village went to the small, tumble-down, gray pile opposite the red windmill. What troubled him was that little Nello always looked strangely when he came out, always very flushed or very pale; and whenever he returned home after such visitations would sit silent and dreaming, not caring to play, but gazing out at the evening skies beyond the line of the canal, very subdued and almost sad.

What was it? wondered Patrasche. He thought it could not be good or natural for the little lad to be so grave, and in his dumb fashion he tried all he could to keep Nello by him in the sunny fields or in the busy market-place. But to the churches Nello would go: most often of all would he go to the great cathedral; and Patrasche, left without on the stones by the iron fragments of Quentin Matsys's gate, would stretch himself and yawn and sigh, and even howl now and then, all in vain, until the doors closed and the child perforce came forth again, and winding his arms about the dog's neck would kiss him on his broad, tawny-colored forehead, and murmur always the same words: "If I could only see them, Patrasche! — if I could only see them!"

What were they? pondered Patrasche, looking up with large, wistful, sympathetic eyes.

One day, when the custodian was out of the way and the doors left ajar, he got in for a moment after

his little friend and saw. "They" were two great covered pictures on either side of the choir.

IV

[Trouble and misunderstanding have driven Nello, friendless and hopeless, out into the cold of a winter's night.

Patrasche is receiving every attention in a comfortable home.]

It was Christmas Eve, and the mill-house was filled with oak logs and squares of turf, with cream and honey, with meat and bread, and the rafters were hung with wreaths of evergreen, and the Calvary and the cuckoo clock looked out from a mass of holly. There were little paper lanterns, too, for Alois, and toys of various fashions and sweetmeats in bright-pictured papers. There were light and warmth and abundance everywhere, and the child would fain have made the dog a guest honored and feasted.

But Patrasché would neither lie in the warmth nor share in the cheer. Famished he was and very cold, but without Nello he would partake neither of comfort nor food. Against all temptation he was proof, and close against the door he leaned always, watching only for a means of escape.

"He wants the lad," said Baas Gogez. "Good dog! good dog! I will go over to the lad the first thing at day-dawn." For no one but Patrasche knew that Nello had left the hut, and no one but Patrasche divined that Nello had gone to face starvation and misery alone.

The mill-kitchen was very warm; great logs crackled

and flamed on the hearth; neighbors came in for a glass of wine and a slice of the fat goose baking for supper. Alois, gleeful and sure of her playmate back on the morrow, bounded and sang and tossed back her yellow hair. Baas Cogeze, in the fulness of his heart, smiled on her through moistened eyes, and spoke of the way in which he would befriend her favorite companion; the house-mother sat with calm, contented face at the spinning-wheel; the cuckoo in the clock chirped mirthful hours. Amidst it all Patrasche was bidden with a thousand words of welcome to tarry there a cherished guest. But neither peace nor plenty could allure him where Nello was not.

When the supper smoked on the board, and the voices were loudest and gladdest, and the Christ-child brought choicest gifts to Alois, Patrasche, watching always an occasion, glided out when the door was unlatched by a careless new-comer, and as swiftly as his weak and tired limbs would bear him sped over the snow in the bitter, black night. He had only one thought, — to follow Nello. A human friend might have paused for the pleasant meal, the cheery warmth, the cosy slumber; but that was not the friendship of Patrasche. He remembered a bygone time, when an old man and a little child had found him sick unto death in the wayside ditch.

Snow had fallen freshly all the evening long; it was now nearly ten; the trail of the boy's footsteps was almost obliterated. It took Patrasche long to discover any scent. When at last he found it, it was lost again quickly, and lost and recovered, and again lost and again recovered, a hundred times or more.

The night was very wild. The lamps under the wayside crosses were blown out; the roads were sheets of ice; the impenetrable darkness hid every trace of habitations; there was no living thing abroad. All the cattle were housed, and in all the huts and homesteads men and women rejoiced and feasted. There was only Patrasche out in the cruel cold, — old and famished and full of pain, but with the strength and the patience of a great love to sustain him in his search.

The trail of Nello's steps, faint and obscure as it was under the new snow, went straightly along the accustomed tracks into Antwerp. It was past midnight when Patrasche traced it over the boundaries of the town and into the narrow, tortuous, gloomy streets. It was all quite dark in the town, save where some light gleamed ruddily through the crevices of house-shutters, or some group went homeward with lanterns chanting drinking-songs. The streets were all white with ice: the high walls and roofs loomed black against them. There was scarce a sound save the riot of the winds down the passages as they tossed the creaking signs and shook the tall lamp-irons.

So many passers-by had trodden through and through the snow, so many diverse paths had crossed and recrossed each other, that the dog had a hard task to retain any hold on the track he followed. But he kept on his way, though the cold pierced him to the bone, and the jagged ice cut his feet, and the hunger in his body gnawed like a rat's teeth. He kept on his way, a poor, gaunt, shivering thing, and by long patience traced the steps he loved into the

very heart of the city and up to the steps of the great cathedral.

"He is gone to the things that he loved," thought Patrasche: he could not understand, but he was full of sorrow and of pity for the art-passion that to him was so incomprehensible and yet so sacred.

The portals of the cathedral were unclosed after the midnight mass. Some heedlessness in the custodians, too eager to go home and feast or sleep, or too drowsy to know whether they turned the keys aright, had left one of the doors unlocked. By that accident the footfalls Patrasche sought had passed through into the building, leaving the white marks of snow upon the dark stone floor. By that slender white thread, frozen as it fell, he was guided through the intense silence, through the immensity of the vaulted space, — guided straight to the gates of the chancel, and, stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up and touched the face of the boy. "Didst thou dream that I should be faithless and forsake thee? I — a dog?" said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry and clasped him close. "Let us lie down and die together," he murmured. "Men have no need of us, and we are all alone."

In answer, Patrasche crept closer yet, and laid his head upon the young boy's breast. The great tears stood in his brown, sad eyes: not for himself, — for himself he was happy.

They lay close together in the piercing cold. The blasts that blew over the Flemish dikes from the northern seas were like waves of ice, which froze

every living thing they touched. The interior of the immense vault of stone in which they were was even more bitterly chill than the snow-covered plains without. Now and then a bat moved in the shadows, — now and then a gleam of light came on the ranks of carven figures. Under the Rubens they lay together quite still, and soothed almost into a dreaming slumber by the numbing narcotic of the cold. Together they dreamed of the old glad days when they had chased each other through the flowering grasses of the summer meadows, or sat hidden in the tall bulrushes by the water's side, watching the boats go seaward in the sun.

Suddenly through the darkness a great white radiance streamed through the vastness of the aisles; the moon, which was at her height, had broken through the clouds, the snow had ceased to fall, the light reflected from the snow without was clear as the light of dawn. It fell through the arches full upon the two pictures above, from which the boy on his entrance had flung back the veil: the Elevation and the Descent from the Cross were for one instant visible.

Nello rose to his feet and stretched his arms to them: the tears of a passionate ecstasy glistened on the paleness of his face. "I have seen them at last!" he cried aloud. "O God, it is enough!"

His limbs failed under him, and he sank upon his knees, still gazing upward at the majesty that he adored. For a few brief moments the light illumined the divine visions that had been denied to him so long, — light clear and sweet and strong as though it streamed from the throne of Heaven. Then sud-

denly it passed away: once more a great darkness covered the face.

The arms of the boy drew close again the body of the dog.

All their lives they had been together, and in their deaths they were not divided.

— *Louise de la Ramée (Abridged).*

SLEIGHING SONG

Away! away! the track is white,
The stars are shining clear to-night,
The winter winds are sleeping;
The moon above the steeple tall,
A silver crescent, over all,
Her silent watch is keeping.

Away! away! our hearts are gay,
And need not breathe, by night or day,
A sigh for summer pleasure;
The merry bells ring gayly out,
Our lips keep time with song and shout,
And laugh in happy measure.

Away! away! across the plain
We sweep as sea-birds skim the main,
Our pulses gayly leaping;
The stars are bright, the track is white,
There's joy in every heart to-night,
While winter winds are sleeping.

— *Emily H. Miller.*

WINTER ANIMALS

For sounds in winter nights, and often in winter days, I heard the forlorn but melodious note of a hooting owl indefinitely far; such a sound as the frozen earth would yield if struck with a suitable tool, the very language of Walden Wood, and quite familiar to me at last, though I never saw the bird while it was making it. I seldom opened my door in a winter evening without hearing it; *Hoo hoo hoo, hooer hoo*, sounded sonorously, and the first three syllables accented somewhat like *how der do*; or some times *hoo hoo* only.

One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud honking of a goose, and, stepping to the door, heard the sound of their wings like a tempest in the woods as they flew low over my house. They passed over the pond toward Fair Haven, seemingly deterred from settling by my light, their commodore honking all the while with a regular beat. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson's Bay, by exhibiting a greater compass and volume of voice in a native, and *hoo-hoo* him out of Concord horizon. "What do you mean by alarming the citadel at this time of night consecrated to me? Do you think I am ever caught napping at such an hour, and that I have not got lungs and a larynx as well as yourself? *Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!*" It was

one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard. And yet, if you had a discriminating ear, there were in it the elements of a concord such as these plains never saw nor heard.

I also heard the whooping of the ice in the pond, my great bed-fellow in that part of Concord, as if it were restless in its bed and would fain turn over, were troubled with bad dreams; or I was waked by the cracking of the ground by the frost, as if some one had driven a team against my door, and in the morning would find a crack in the earth a quarter of a mile long and a third of an inch wide.

Sometimes I heard the foxes as they ranged over the snow crust, in moonlight nights, in search of a partridge or other game, barking raggedly and demoniacally like forest dogs, as if laboring with some anxiety, or seeking expression, struggling for light and to be dogs outright and run freely in the streets; for if we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilization going on among brutes as well as men? They seemed to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation. Sometimes one came near to my window, attracted by my light, barked a sly curse at me, and then retreated.

Usually the red squirrel waked me in the dawn, coursing over the roof and up and down the sides of the house, as if sent out of the woods for this purpose. In the course of the winter I threw out half a bushel of ears of sweet-corn which had not got ripe, on the snow crust by my door, and was amused by watching the motions of the various animals which were baited

by it. In the twilight and the night the rabbits came regularly and made a hearty meal. All day long the red squirrels came and went, and afforded me much entertainment by their manœuvres. One would approach at first warily through the scrub-oaks, running over the snow crust by fits and starts like a leaf blown by the wind, now a few paces this way, with wonderful speed and waste of energy, making inconceivable haste with his "trotters", as if it were for a wager, and now as many paces that way, but never getting on more than half a rod at a time; and then suddenly pausing with a ludicrous expression and a gratuitous somerset, as if all the eyes in the universe were fixed on him, — for all the motions of a squirrel, even in the most solitary recesses of the forest, imply spectators as much as those of a dancing girl, — wasting more time in delay and circumspection than would have sufficed to walk the whole distance, — I never saw one walk, — and then suddenly, before you could say Jack Robinson, he would be in the top of a young pitch-pine, winding up his clock and chiding all imaginary spectators, soliloquizing and talking to all the universe at the same time, — for no reason that I could ever detect, or he himself was aware of, I suspect.

At length he would reach the corn, and selecting a suitable ear, brisk about in the same uncertain way to the top-most stick of my woodpile, before my window, where he looked me in the face, and there sit for hours, supplying himself with a new ear from time to time, nibbling at first voraciously and throwing the half-naked cobs about; till at length he grew more dainty still and

played with his food, tasting only the inside of the kernel, and the ear, which was held balanced over the stick by one paw, slipped from his careless grasp and fell to the ground, when he would look over at it with a ludicrous expression of uncertainty, as if suspecting that it had life, with a mind not made up whether to get it again, or a new one, or be off; now thinking of corn, then listening to hear what was in the wind.

So the little impudent fellow would waste many an ear in a forenoon; till at last seizing some longer and plumper one, considerably bigger than himself, and skillfully balancing it, he would set out with it to the woods, like a tiger with a buffalo, by the same zig-zag course and frequent pauses, scratching along with it as if it were too heavy for him and falling all the while, making its fall a diagonal between a perpendicular and horizontal, being determined to put it through at any rate; — a singularly frivolous and whimsical fellow; — and so he would get off with it to where he lived, perhaps carry it to the top of a pine tree forty or fifty rods distant, and I would afterwards find the cobs strewn about the woods in various directions.

At length the jays arrive, whose discordant screams were heard long before, as they were warily making their approach an eighth of a mile off, and in a stealthy and sneaking manner they flit from tree to tree, nearer and nearer, and pick up the kernels which the squirrels have dropped. Then, sitting on a pitch-pine bough, they attempt to swallow in their haste a kernel which is too big for their throats and chokes them; and after great labor they disgorge it, and spend an hour in the endeavor to crack it by repeated blows with their bills.

They were manifestly thieves, and I had not much respect for them ; but the squirrels, though at first shy, went to work as if they were taking what was their own.

Meanwhile also came the chickadees in flocks, which, picking up the crumbs the squirrels had dropped, flew to the nearest twig, and, placing them under their claws, hammered away at them with their little bills, as if at an insect in the bark, till they were sufficiently reduced for their slender throats. A little flock of these tit-mice came daily to pick a dinner out of my wood-pile, or the crumbs at my door, with faint flitting lisping notes, like the tinkling of icicles in the grass, or else with sprightly *day day day*, or more rarely, in springlike days, a wiry summery *phe-be* from the woodside. They were so familiar that at length one alighted on an armful of wood which I was carrying in, and pecked at the sticks without fear. I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in a village garden, and I felt that I was more distinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulet I could have worn. The squirrels also grew at last to be quite familiar, and occasionally stepped upon my shoe, when that was the nearest way.

When the ground was not yet quite covered, and again near the end of winter, when the snow was melted on my south hill-side and about my wood-pile, the partridges came out of the woods morning and evening to feed there. Whichever side you walk in the woods the partridge bursts away on whirring wings, jarring the snow from the dry leaves and twigs

on high, which comes sifting down in the sunbeams like golden dust ; for this brave bird is not to be scared by winter. It is frequently covered up by drifts, and, it is said, "sometimes plunges from on wing into the soft snow, where it remains concealed for a day or two." I used to start them in the open land also, where they had come out of the woods at sunset to "bud" the wild apple-trees. They will come regularly every evening to particular trees, where the cunning sportsman lies in wait for them, and the distant orchards next the woods suffer thus not a little. I am glad that the partridge gets fed, at any rate. It is nature's own bird which lives on buds and diet-drink.

— *Henry D. Thoreau.*

SPRINGTIME

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hillside's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world !

— *Robert Browning.*

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

The rose may bloom for England ;
The lily for France unfold ;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold ;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasselled Corn —
The sun's supreme bequest.

— *Edna Dean Proctor.*

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise.

— *William Shakespeare.*

ARIEL'S SONG

Where the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

— *William Shakespeare.*

**A PEEP INTO THE PAST THROUGH
FACT AND FANCY**



WHEN LIFE WAS HARD

William of Melton, who owned all the broad lands that made up the manor of Melton, stood at the door of his low-roofed, rambling house, booted and spurred, and awaiting the groom with his horse. The house was newly built, with its lower parts of stone. Behind it were large barns, built partly of rough stone and partly of timber, and a high fence ran around all.

It stood on the slope of a wooded hill ; below it ran a noisy river ; and on the river was a mill to which every man for miles around was bound to bring his corn for grinding. This mill brought much gain to its owner, for he took for himself a goodly portion of all the corn he ground.

A tousel-headed, sheepish looking fellow, in doublet and hose of coarse gray, came round with the horse. There was a collar of brass round his neck ; it was well-polished, and was the brightest thing about him. One might have read on it, "Hob, serf to William de Melton." The groom was collared, named and owned very much as a dog is to-day. He helped his master into the saddle, and the latter rode slowly off to a town that stood some four miles down the river. We shall see and hear many things of interest if we follow him.

Though the day was near the end of September, yet the fields were still yellow with the ungathered harvest.

Sowing and reaping were later in those old times than they are to-day. In the valley many snug farms and knots of mud cottages were to be seen, and William de Melton's eyes shone with satisfaction as he gazed upon them. All were his. Some he farmed with his own "serfs" or "villeins"; others were held by freemen paying rent.

There was another man abroad on horseback, and he rode forward to meet the "lord of the manor" as soon as he saw him. He was named "John the Scrivener" (writer) and was man of law and steward to De Melton. The two went along, side by side. De Melton spoke. "Hast seen to the time and order of the reaping?" he asked.

"I have counted every pair of hands, and fixed the very minute when they shall put sickle into the harvest. Two days more of this sun and we begin."

The land-owner looked at the blue sky; there was no cloud in it. The steward spoke on, "There are some of the knaves who would begin at once upon their own corn-patch, declaring it to be fit, but I straitly forbade them to cut a sheaf ere their master's was safely garnered."

"Ha! who be they?" asked De Melton. The steward named four men. "They have stubborn stomachs," cried his master; "they feed too well."

"Robin Carter's lands be too well placed for the sun," added the steward; "his corn hath been ripe before any other's these last three seasons."

"Then take it from him and give him some worser land. Look to it also that he reaps last. My dovecot is full; let the birds fatten on the rogue's corn."

Master Scrivener grinned. Truly, he would do Robin an ill turn and count it a pleasure. The fellow's crops were too good; his spirit was grown proud; he must be taught that he had a master. And he hinted that some more lowly rogues on the manor would be the better for a taste of the whip; they were surly and showed anger when orders were given them. De Melton vowed their backs should smart. The country was going to the dogs! Men must be kept under heel.

The great man rode off towards the town. Many a cot of mud and thatch he passed; many a ragged, dirty urchin scuttled out of his way. Men looked up from their labor in the fields as he cantered by. Some gazed stupidly and without interest, for they looked upon blows, curses and hard labor as their proper portion in life; but there were others who scowled spitefully and longed to repay the wrongs they suffered.

Times were hard with them. Their lands were poor, for they dared not till them too skilfully for fear of losing them. By way of rent this lord took the best of their cattle and of their crops, and whenever the weather was favorable in seed-time or in harvest, they were forced to leave their own fields and labour in his. Only here and there was there a tenant that could defy his lord and refuse to give him this slave labor. These Master Scrivener treated with due respect; however much he might hate them, he could not harm them.

Along the grass-grown lane, deep with ruts from the wheels of clumsy wagons, rode De Melton. On his left hand the clear river wound in and out like a snake, and

he could hear the music of the waters as they swirled round the stones. Near the gate of the town other lanes and pathways led into the one along which he had ridden ; the grass was here worn from the surface, and clouds of dust rose from beneath the heels of horse and ass and ox.

The town stood on an abrupt rise from the river ; it was shut in by walls, and a strong tower guarded the river bridge. In and out at the gate passed men and women afoot and on horseback ; ox-wagons creaked beneath the archways and jolted over the cobbled street, and ass and horse jogged along beneath the burden of laden baskets. The crowd was noisy and dirty, and De Melton pushed his way through, thrusting the wayfarers aside to right and left. They gave way before him, for his dress and bearing proclaimed him to be of better birth than the traders and laden country folk.

The street that led from the gate was steep and narrow, the houses so close together that only a narrow ribbon of blue sky could be seen. A dozen smells greeted the country nose of De Melton. There were smells from the jostling crowd, smells from the dark doorways of the houses, smells from the gutters and from the heaps of refuse that lay about for folk to stumble over.

It was early morning, and housewives were busy. Pails of dirty water came swishing into the street ; a cry of "Look out below !" gave warning that a dirty deluge of household slops was coming from an upper window. Dogs and pigs grubbed and nosed and fought for the offal that lay about.

"Pah!" cried a dainty gentleman in scarlet to De Melton, "these townsfolk breed a hundred fevers; the magistrates ought to be compelled to keep fires burning night and day at each street crossing."

De Melton shrugged his shoulders. "'Tis well that winter comes and not the summer, else should we have the plague upon us; and then no fire would serve short of burning the whole town."

"Was there not an alarm of plague about the time of great July heat?" asked Scarlet-Cloak.

"Ay! The priests went in procession and sang litanies on the eve and day of St. Margaret, St. Mary Magdalene and St. James."

"And so the plague was stayed?"

"So they thought. There was a fortunate fire in South Street that burned down the infected houses. There's plague in the air now, and a wet autumn will bring it forth to lurk in corners for next summer's sun. As long as towns are littered with offal and houses are strewn with rotten rushes, there will be plague. I give you 'Good-day', sir. I have business here, but do not wish to offend my nose with these smells a moment longer than is necessary."

De Melton was quite right in what he said. The next summer the plague came forth with its terrible breath, and swept the town from end to end. More than half the people died. And the hot winds carried the pestilence out to village and hamlet, so that the country folk also died in thousands, their bodies sometimes rotting under hedgerows and in the mud cottages where no man would venture to bring them out for burial.

And what happened in this neighborhood happened also throughout the length and breadth of the land. Two millions of people died, and barely two millions were left to bury the dead and put their weakened hands to the plough, or pen or workman's tool. Such was the Black Death and such the year 1349.

The evil done in a day does not end with the sunset, but comes to light with the morrow's dawn and for many morrows afterwards. And so the evil of the Black Death stayed in England long after men grew healthy and strong again. But out of the evil came some good. So many of the work-people perished that neither in town nor country were men found in sufficient numbers for the work that there was to do.

Hitherto the peasant workers had been bound to a master, and bound to the soil whereon they were born; their wages were poor, their lives hard, and their masters severe. But now the workers were stronger than the employers. They ran away to other villages and into the towns, where many were eager to hide them and employ them and pay them good wages.

Those, too, who stayed in their old homes refused to work under the old conditions, and for the old wages. The masters fought hard, but they could not succeed. Men went about preaching liberty to the poor and landless, and the workers listened eagerly. They determined to be free men, able to go whither they would, and work at such things as pleased them. England at last became a land of free men.

— *Thomas Bevan.*

BENI'S KEEPER

[GIOTTO]¹

One summer morning, long ago, a small boy guarded his father's sheep on a hillside in the Apennines. Up and down the stony pasture he trod, driving back the lambs who strayed too far, and trying all the while to keep his wayward charges in a group where he could count them from time to time. His chief care was to prevent them from straggling into the lonely passes above, where wild animals might set upon and devour them; and to watch that they did not wander down the wooded slope and imprison themselves in the tangled thickets below.

The boy might have easily been mistaken for a dryad, as he sprang from rock to rock, whistling shrilly here, coaxing, calling there, and waving his crook to direct the truants back to the flock. It would have seemed no great wonder if he had really stepped out from a mountain boulder to command these gentle troops, for like all woodland sprites, he was brown. His eyes were brown, his hair was brown, and the tunic reaching barely to his knee was made of cool brown linen. His sleeves were rolled to the shoulder, and his arms and legs, bared ever to the sun, were as brown as bronze itself. A crimson cover-kerchief wound carelessly about his head was the only bit of vivid color on the mountain side.

The sun shone hot, and when Giotto was satisfied that his sheep were all about him, cropping the mosses,

¹ Giotto (pronounced Jótto).

he threw himself down in the shade of an ilex-tree and wiped his forehead on the sleeve of his tunic.

Below, he could see his home nestling in a forest of sturdy pines, and far down the valley shone the roofs and spires of the village. Southward appeared a glimpse of the public road that threaded its way through the hills to the mighty city of Florence. Giotto had never visited the place, but his father, who every spring carried wool thither to market, had often told him of the splendid bridges, towers, and palaces to be seen there. Great men lived there too, Giotto's father had said, and one of them, a certain Cimabue,¹ painted such pictures as the world had never seen before. Of this painter and his colors the boy was never tired of hearing ; and as he lay on the grass under the ilex-tree he was longing unspeakably for the time to come when he himself might go to Florence and behold the pictures wrought by Cimabue's hand.

Musing, his eye fell upon a smooth flat stone near by, and with the sight came the desire that caused him to leap from his lounging position, his face alight with purpose.

"Hold still for a little while, Beni !" he said, addressing one of the sheep that nibbled beside the stone ; "just be quiet, and I'll play I'm Cimabue, and draw your picture."

Giotto reached for a sharp bit of slate that had chipped from the rock above, and, carefully studying the woolly face before him, began to draw upon the flat white stone. Patiently, thoughtfully he worked, glancing now up at his placid companion, now down at his

¹ Cimabue (pronounced Chīm-a-boo'-y).

flinty canvas, and coaxing Beni back into position with tempting handfuls of grass whenever the animal turned to trot away.

The sun rose high, and the boy, bending low over his task, forgot that he was warm, forgot that he was tired, even forgot that he was hungry, until he was roused by a hand upon his shoulder.

He sprang up, startled beyond speech by the touch, for he had believed himself alone with the silence and the sheep.

Before him stood a man in the robes of a scholar. His manner was stately, his face pale and serious. He was gazing intently downward, not upon the little Tuscan shepherd, but at Beni's picture upon the stone.

"Boy, where did you learn to draw?" he exclaimed in a voice of strong excitement.

"Learn to draw?" queried Giotto wonderingly. "Nowhere, sir. I haven't learned."

"Do you mean me to believe that you have had no teacher, no one to tell you how to use your pencil?" The speaker searched the boy's face earnestly, almost fiercely, in his desire to know whether the child spoke the truth.

Giotto, innocent of all but the facts of his simple experience, replied sadly, "My father is too poor to pay for lessons."

"Then God Himself has taught you!" declared the stranger, hoarse with agitation. "What is your name?"

"Giotto, sir."

"I am Cimabue, Giotto."

"Not — not Cimabue, the painter of Florence!" ejaculated the lad, falling back a step, unable to believe

that he who stood before him was in reality the hero of his boyish dreams.

"Yes," affirmed the man gravely, "and if you will go with me to Florence, child, I will make of you so great a painter that even the name of Cimabue will dwindle before the name of Giotto."

Down upon one bare knee fell the boy, and grasping the master's hand in both of his, he cried:—

"Oh, teach me to paint pictures, great and beautiful pictures, and I will go with you *anywhere* —" He broke off suddenly and rose, — "if father will give me leave," he concluded quietly.

"Oho!" and the artist smiled curiously. "If your father forbade, you would not go with me, even though you might become a great painter?"

"No," said Giotto slowly, casting down his eyes, "even though I might become a great painter."

"Most good, most good," burst out the master exultantly; "a true heart should ever direct a painter's hand, and yours is true indeed, Giotto. Come, let us go to him."

Down the steep they hastened, the boy running on before to point the way, the master following with the look of one who has found a diamond in the dust at his feet; and when they came before Giotto's father with their strange request, and the Tuscan peasant learned what fortune had befallen his child, with the promised teaching and protection of Cimabue the renowned, he bared his head, waved his hand toward Florence, and said to the painter solemnly:—

"Take him, master, and teach him the cunning of your brush, the magic of your colors; tell him the secret

of your art and the mystery of your fame, but let him not forget his home, nor his mountains, nor his God."

And what became of the little Tuscan shepherd?

He dwelt with Cimabue in the wonderful city of Florence, studying early, studying late; and by the time he had grown to manhood, he was known to be the greatest painter in all the world. Even his master turned to him for instruction, and picture-lovers journeyed from distant countries to see him and behold his works. He was encouraged by the church, honored by the court, loved by the poor; and in all Christendom no name was more truly revered than that of the painter, Giotto.

— *Harriet Pearl Skinner.*

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gate of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,

If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

— *Joaquin Miller.*

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

DRAMATIZATION

SCENE I

PLACE : *The Mayor's Office*

CHARACTERS

MAYOR

COUNCIL

PEOPLE

PIED PIPER

First Citizen. 'Tis clear our Mayor's a noddy!

Second Citizen. 'Tis shocking that we have to buy gowns lined with ermine for these Councilmen who can't rid this town of vermin.

Third Citizen. Rouse up, Sirs. Give your brains a racking, or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!

(MAYOR and COUNCILMEN are greatly disturbed and whisper and gesticulate violently. CITIZENS depart.)

Mayor. I wish I were a mile hence! Oh, for a trap! a trap! a trap!

(*A rap at the door.*)

Mayor. Bless us, what's that? Anything like the sound of rats makes my heart go pit-a-pat. Come in!

(*The PIED PIPER comes in attired as described in the poem.*)

Councilman. It looks as if my great-grandsire had walked this way from his painted tombstone!

Pied Piper. Please, your honor, I'm able, by means of a secret charm, to draw all things living beneath the sun, that creep or swim or fly or run, after me. I chiefly use my charm on creatures that do people harm; the mole, the toad, the newt and viper, and people call me the Pied Piper. If I can rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?

Mayor and Council. One? We will give you fifty thousand!

(Clap their hands in glee.)

SCENE II

PLACE : *Street*

CHARACTERS

PIED PIPER and LITTLE CHILDREN *dressed in gray, black and brown cambric to represent rats.*

(PIPER plays upon flute or fife. Rats all run gaily across the stage and follow the PIED PIPER through the door. This should be done very swiftly and silently on the part of the "rats.")

SCENE III

PLACE : *Market Place*

CHARACTERS

MAYOR AND COUNCIL

(Bells are heard in the distance.)

Mayor. Go, get long poles and poke out the nests and block up the holes! Let us leave in our town not even a trace of the rats!

(PIPER enters.)

Piper. First, if you please, my thousand guilders?

(MAYOR and COUNCILMEN look aghast — then whisper together.)

Mayor. Our business was done at the river's brink; we saw with our eyes the vermin sink, and what's dead can't come to life, I think. Our losses have made us thrifty. A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!

Piper. No trifling! I can't wait. Folks who put me in a passion may find me pipe in another fashion.

Mayor. You threaten us, fellow! Do your worst! Blow your pipe there till you burst!

SCENE IV

PLACE: *Street*

(PIPER blows pipe and a long line of children skip and dance across the stage, clapping hands and chattering gayly. One little boy, on crutches, following slowly. MAYOR and COUNCIL wring their hands and follow in despair.)

LAME BOY: (*left alone upon stage*)

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left.

I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the piper also promised me.

For he led us he said to a joyous land,

Where water gushed and fruit trees grew,

And flowers put on a fairer hue,

And everything was strange and new;

And sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings :
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more."

— *Robert Browning.*

*The narrative in the following poem should be read aloud
by some pupil from the words, "Alas, alas for Hamelin."*

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A Child's Story

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts who can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council ;
At length the Mayor broke silence :

"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one, "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table :
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats :
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?"
"One ! fifty thousand !" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling,
The grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished !
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry,
(As he the manuscript he cherished),
To Rat-land home his commentary :

Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe :
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks :
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than bý harp or bý psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with the carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders !"

IX

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folk to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !"

X

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor :
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !

And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scatter-
ing,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings :
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !”

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy a rate
As a needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,

And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
“And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six :”
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children’s last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper’s Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there’s a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don’t understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers !
And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm mice
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

— *Robert Browning.*

FELLOW LABORERS

Not a star our eyes can see
Shines alone for you and me ;
Distant worlds behold its light,
Ages hence 't will shine as bright.

Not a flower that breathes and blows
Just for us its perfume throws ;
Hosts of happy insect things
Brush it with their quickening wings.

Brooks, as from the hills they flow,
Make green meadows as they go ;
Cataracts of wrathful sound
Turn the mill-wheels round and round.

Each strong thing some service gives
Far and wide ; and nothing lives
For itself or just its own :
'T is but death to live alone.

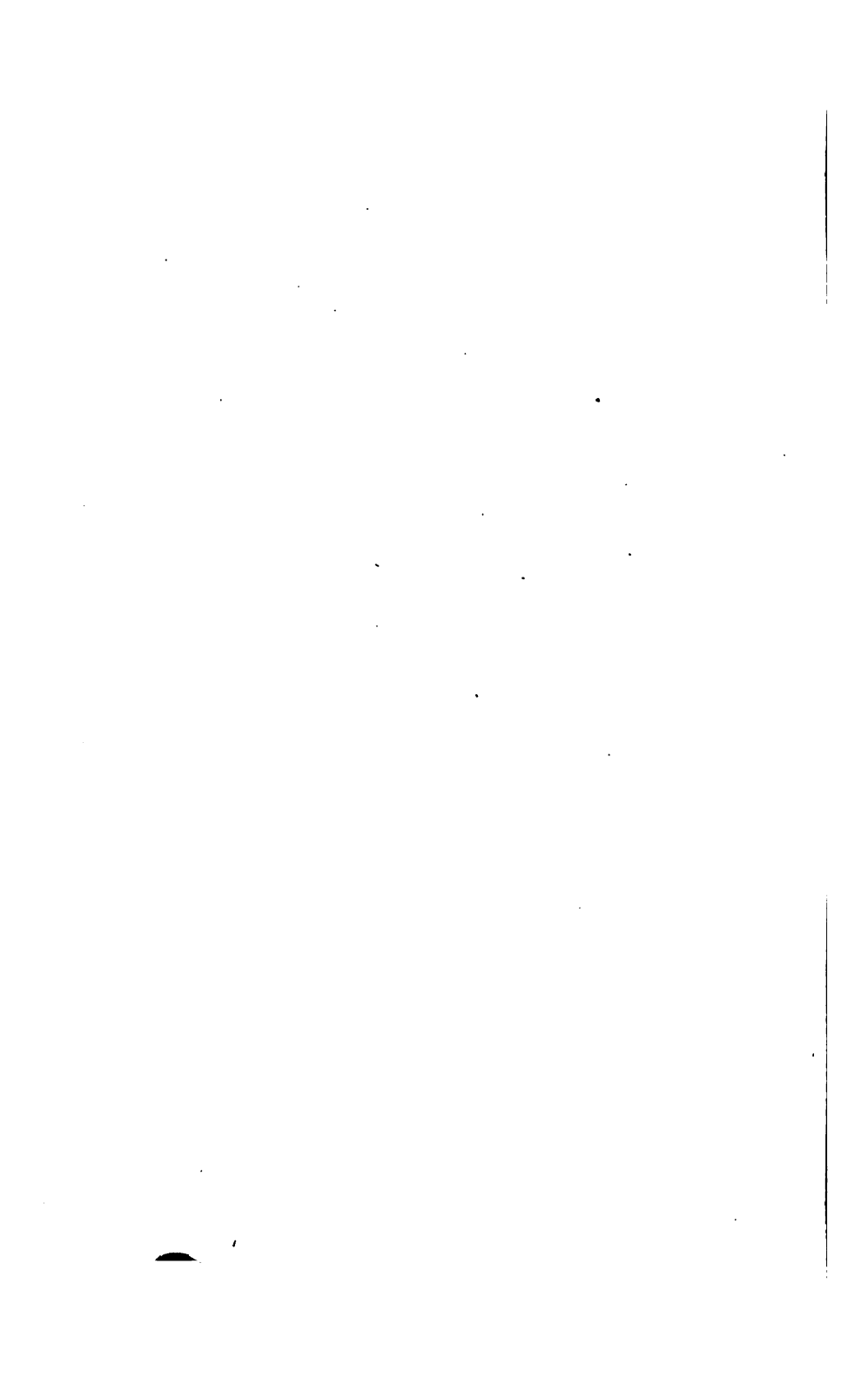
— *Theodore C. Williams.*

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky ; —
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

AMERICAN IDEALS



THE DUTY OF AN AMERICAN

We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely-expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work ; they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted, and enlarged, to our children and our children's children. To do so, we must show, not merely in great crises but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and, above all, the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great men who founded this republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

— *Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

She's up there — Old Glory — where lightnings are sped ;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red ;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead —
The flag of our country forever !

She's up there — Old Glory — how bright the stars
stream !

And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam !
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever !

She's up there — Old Glory — no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars !
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars,
She's the flag of our country forever !

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS

We are called upon to cherish with high veneration and grateful recollections the memory of our fathers. And surely no nation had ever less occasion to be ashamed of its ancestry, for the foundations of our nation were laid by civilized men. Many of them were men of distinguished families, of powerful talents, of great learning, of decision, of character, and of inflexible integrity.

The memory of our fathers should be the watchword of liberty throughout the land, for, imperfect as they were, the world before had not seen their like, nor will it now, we fear, behold their like again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, such shades of the illustrious dead looking down upon their descendants with approbation or reproof according as they follow or depart from the good ways, constitute a censorship inferior only to the eye of God.

— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

SOLDIER, REST!

“Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o’er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking !
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle’s enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o’er,
Dream of fighting fields no more ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.”

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE HAPPY MAN

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another’s will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Who hath his life from rumors freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

That man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

— *Sir Henry Wotton.*

TRUE BRAVERY

Some one may say, "Did not the men and women have to be braver in the war times than in times of peace?" What a terrible thing it would be to be brave, if bravery requires of us only to hurt and kill! Is it not brave to try to save life? Thousands of brave men are risking their lives every day to help men and to save us all from harm. Brave doctors and nurses go where deadly disease is, and are not afraid to help save the sick. Brave students are trying perilous experiments, so as to find out better knowledge for us all. Brave engineers on thousands of locomotives are not afraid of sudden death if they can save their passengers from harmful accidents. Brave sailors are always facing the sea and the storm. Brave firemen stand ready to die to bring little children safely out of burning buildings. Brave boys every summer risk their lives to save their comrades from drowning. Brave fellows hold in check maddened horses and prevent them from running away with women and children. Brave women risk their own lives daily for the sake of others.

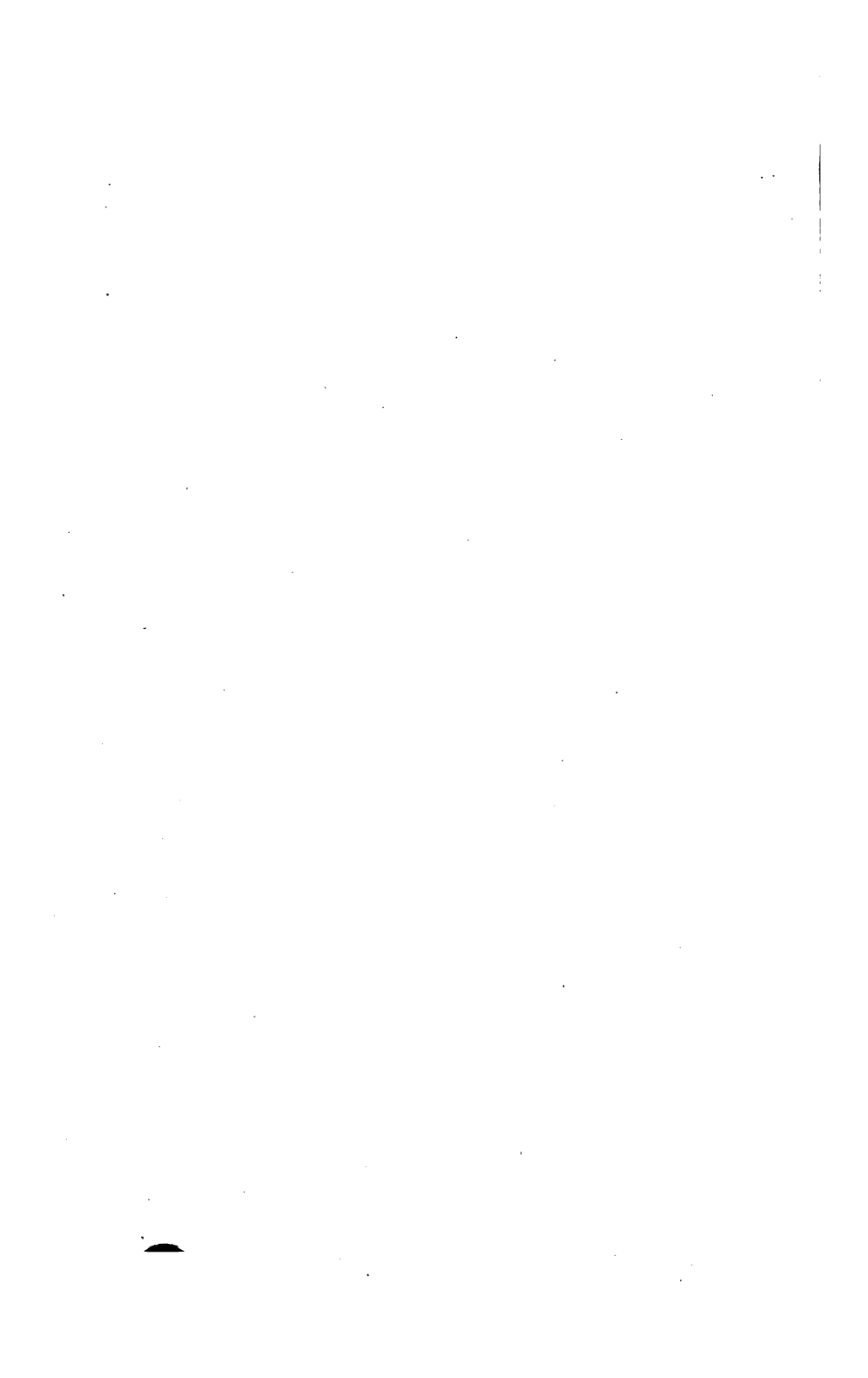
— *Charles F. Dole.*

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN

Land where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;
Hark, 'tis the voice of thy children to thee!



TRUE BRAVERY



Here at thine altar our vows we renew,
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true —
True to thy flag of the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save !

Hope of the world ! thou hast broken its chains —
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains ;
Stand for the right till the nations shall own
Freedom their sovereign, with law for her throne !

Freedom ! sweet freedom ! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptered, uncrowned !
Freedom ! sweet freedom ! our pulses repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat !

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast,
Crown her with star-jewels, Queen of the West !
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end !

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

FOUNDATION STONES OF LIFE

HONESTY

An honest heart possesses a kingdom. — *Seneca.*

Honesty is a warrant of far more safety than fame.

— *Feltham.*

"Honesty is the best policy," but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man. — *Whately.*

If we be honest with ourselves we shall be honest with each other. — *George MacDonald.*

Be true and thou shalt fetter time with everlasting chain. — *Schiller*.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.

— *George Washington*.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness nor the moon of her effulgence. — *Hosea Ballou*.

Nothing really succeeds which is not based on reality; sham in a large sense is never successful.

— *Whipple*.

Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and if anybody reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie.

— *Marcus Antoninus*.

Honor is the moral conscience of the great.

— *Davenant*.

Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part, there all the honor lies. — *Pope*.

An honest man's the noblest work of God. — *Pope*.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, for I am armed so strong in honesty that they pass by me as an idle wind which I respect not. — *Shakespeare*.

No legacy is so rich as honesty. — *Shakespeare*.

Good and honorable character is a safe provision for every event and every turn of fortune. — *Menander*.

The difference there is betwixt honor and honesty seems to be chiefly the motive; the merely honest man does that from duty, which the man of honor does for the sake of character. — *Shenstone*.

COURAGE

Be courageous but not rash. — *Penn*.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none. — *Shakespeare*.

Courage is the armor of the mind. — *Elmer*.

Courage enlarges, cowardice diminishes resources.
— *Bouree*.

In desperate straits the fear of the timid aggravates the danger that imperils the brave. — *Bouree*.

To bear our fate is to conquer it. — *Campbell*.

Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing. — *Selected*.

Courage from hearts and not from numbers grow.
— *Dryden*.

Courage is that quality which enables men to encounter danger and difficulty with firmness or without any fear or depression of spirit. — *Webster*.

Conscience in the soul is the root of all true courage.
— *Clarke*.

If a man would be brave let him learn to obey his conscience. — *Clarke*.

I would have you regard courage as nearly the supreme quality of character. One cannot live a full and noble life without it. — *Munger*.

The greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of a heroic kind. — *Smith*.

We need the common courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, the courage to speak the truth, the courage to live honestly within our means.

— *Smiles*.

To fear to do base, unworthy things is valour; if they are done to us, to suffer them is valour too.

— *Jonson*.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger but in seeing it and conquering it. — *Richter*.

Courage is adversity's lamp. — *Selected*.

There is no courage but in an honest thought.

— *Sothorn*.

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind.

— *Addison*.

The gods looked with favor on superior courage.

— *Tacitus*.

For courage mounteth with occasion.

— *Shakespeare*.

Screw your courage to the sticking-place and he'll not fail. — *Shakespeare*.

The schoolboy with his satchel in his hand
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up. — *Blair*.

THE BOY AND THE FLAG

Do you know the story of it?

Do you sense the glory of it

With a pulsing rapture that thrills you through and through?

When you see it gleaming there,

When you see it streaming there,

Do you grasp the meaning of those Stars and Stripes to you?

You can see the beauty there —

Can you read your duty there

When you see it flutter against the sky to-day?

Does it stir the soul of you,

Does it fill the whole of you —

The flag that flies above you and half a world away?

Think of those who wrought for it!

Honor those who fought for it —

Who gave their lives to save it in the darksome days of old!

Not a blot is staining there!

Every star remaining there!

All the hopes of millions its rippling stripes enfold!

Show yourself a man for it!

Do the most you can for it!

Remember that you owe it the best you have to give!

Duty's voice may call to you,

The post of honor fall to you,

O then to die beneath it were sweeter than to live!

— *John Clair Minot.*

SING FOR YOUR OWN VALLEY

What we need is boys and girls and men and women who realize their highest all-around possibilities ; who transform whatever they touch and give it a new color, a new shape, a new grace ; who see the beauty and poetry in common everyday things and know how to create it ; for it shows in teaching and housework and cooking and business and dressmaking and gardening and building, just as it does in painting or modeling or writing books.

Be anything you like so long as you are not dull and indifferent, listless and useless. We care not so much what a man or woman knows, after all ; we care what he or she is, feels, expresses, is capable of ; how much he or she can love, can bear, can help, can inspire ; these are the real, the vital things.

Don't be colorless and limp and flabby, whatever you are ; and remember one thing : it is difficult, it is probably impossible, to make a third-class brain into a first-class one, no matter how hard you work ; but if you have a germ of aspiration, if you have an atom of will in the right direction, nothing can prevent your having a first-class heart ; and "out of the heart are the issues of life."

Love your work and if you find you don't, just contrive and contrive, until you find the work you can love.

Think as well and as hopefully as you can of your own powers. We are too apt just to use the few little surface talents we possess and to conclude that there are no others. Why, the inside of us is just like a Christmas box ! You can always find another package

if you put your hand in deep enough. Dip lower down in yourself and see what you find!

Perhaps you have read or seen the play of "Chantecler", written by the French poet and playwright, Edmond Rostand.

"Chantecler" was a barnyard cock, very much in earnest about his work, particularly about his morning song. He always thought of it and spoke of it as a "song", though we never allude to the cock-a-doodle-doo that we hear at dawn as anything but a commonplace "crow." He noted that the sun always rose just after he began his morning song and came to the not unnatural conclusion that it was he who made it rise; so the thought of his achievement and his sense of duty to the universe grew ever stronger.

One day a huntsman in a near-by forest shot and wounded a beautiful pheasant. The pheasant fluttered away and finally fell in a corner of the barnyard. The cock had never seen anything so charming as this bird of soft and brilliant plumage. Her health was re-established in a few days and the two became constant companions, so, of course, the cock confided to his new friend all his hopes and beliefs and ambitions. The lovely pheasant was very fond of him but she could not quite believe that his crowing at dawn caused the sun to rise! One night in the forest, feeling more than usually curious, she asked him more about the matter.

"The sun shines all over the world," she said. "I don't see how your crowing in this little out-of-the-way corner can make any difference."

"You will notice when I sing," said Chantecler, "that the cock in the next barnyard answers me, and

then the next and the next, until the whole mountain side is awake. I do not know about the great world; I sing for my own valley."

Sing for your own valley and the song will go around the world! This is no sentimental poetic text for girls only. Joy must go into man's work as well as woman's. Chantecler was a manly cock, for all he was slightly deceived as to the relative importance of himself and the sun.

Sing for your own valley! Your eyes may never see the song go round the world; your ears may never hear it, but somewhere, sometime, another will catch the echo and be inspired to sing and to serve. And the One who gave you the voice will hear your song and take note of your serving.

— *Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

THE LAND OF LIBERTY

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine, and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flow'ry dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild 'birds' merry tone
I hear from morn till night ;
And there are lovelier flowers I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
All have their charms for me ;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame.
"The land of Liberty."

— "*Hesperion.*"

TO AMERICA

It is thine hour, America.
No word but thine can lift this curse ;
It is thy moment to fulfill
Thine errand in the universe,
Ambassador of that great Will
That herds and holds the stars in space
And guides the human race.
Be thine the hand to lift the light,
Be thine the arm to strike the blow
That severs human hate from hate ;
Be thine the word to start the flow
Of sympathy and brotherhood
That makes the future's good.

— *Angela Morgan.*

TRUE PATRIOTISM

To form and uphold a state, it is not enough that our judgments believe it to be useful; the better part of our affections must feel it to be lovely. It is not enough that our arithmetic can compute its value, and find it high; our hearts must hold it priceless, above all things rich or rare, dearer than health or beauty, brighter than all the order of the stars. It does not suffice that its inhabitants should seem to be men good enough to trade with, altogether even as the rest of mankind; ties of brotherhood, memories of a common ancestry, common traditions of fame and justice, a common and undivided inheritance of rights, liberties, and renown — these things must knit you to them with a distinctive and domestic attraction. A man must admit into his bosom the specific and mighty emotion of patriotism. He must love his country, his whole country, as the place of his birth or adoption, and the sphere of his largest duties; as the playground of his childhood, the land where his fathers sleep, the sepulchre of the valiant and wise of his own blood and race departed; he must love it for the long labors that reclaimed and adorned its natural and its moral scenery; for the great traits and virtues of which it has been the theater, for the institutions and amelioration and progress that enrich it; for the part it has played for the succor of the nations. A sympathy indestructible must draw him to it. It must be a power to touch his imagination. All the passions which inspire and animate in the hour of conflict must awake at her awful voice.

— *Rufus Choate.*

SONGS OF HOME AND COUNTRY



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;

Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner: oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "*In God is our trust*",
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
— *Francis Scott Key.*

HOME, SWEET HOME!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home !
There's no place like Home !
There's no place like Home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call —
Give me them, — and the peace of mind, dearer than
all !

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home !
There's no place like Home !
There's no place like Home !

— *John Howard Payne.*

AMERICA

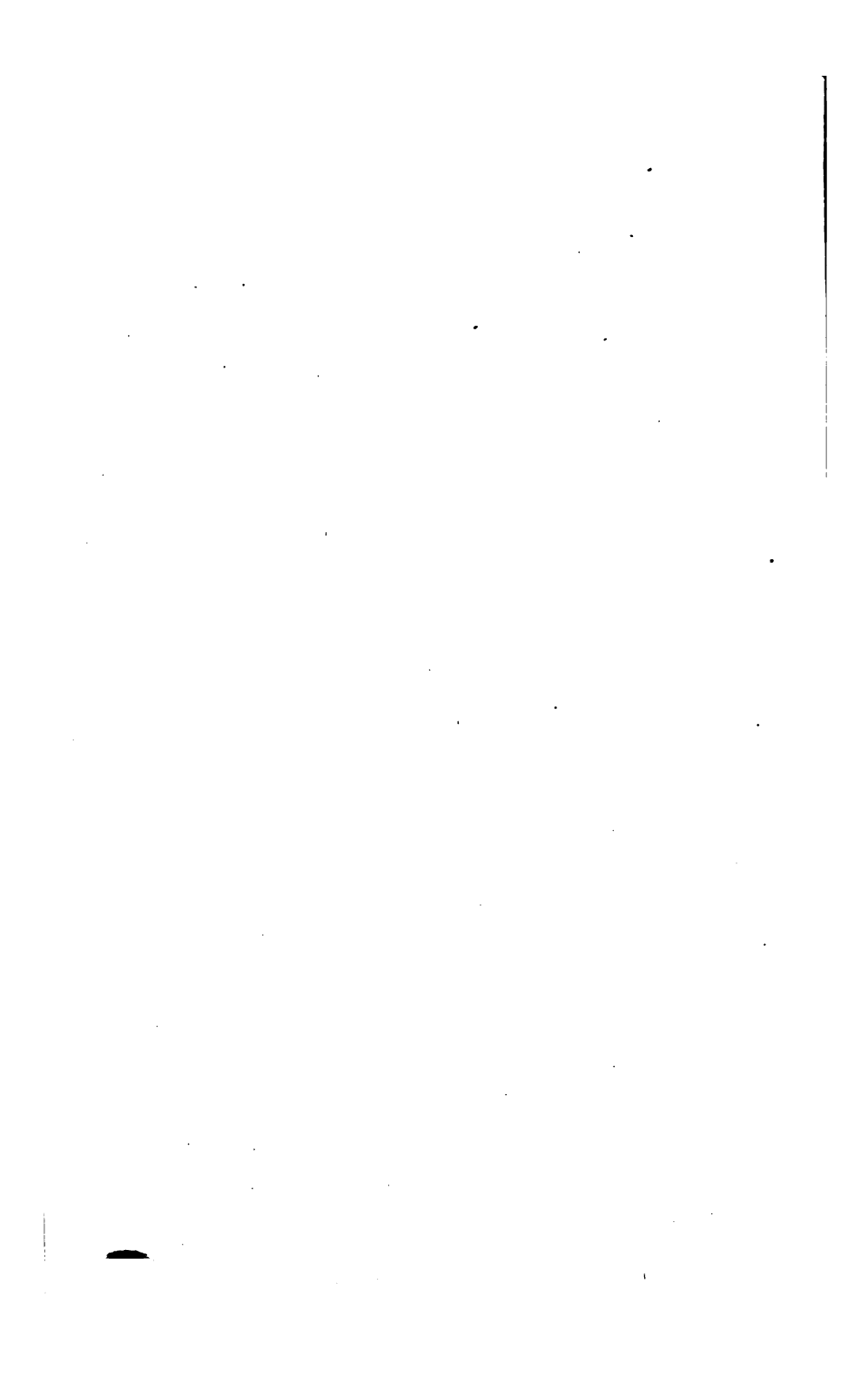
My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet Freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy Might,
 Great God our King.

— *Samuel Francis Smith.*



NOTES

Banner of America is a noble tribute to the country that he loves by Denis A. McCarthy, who was born in Ireland (1871). This would be a fine poem to remember as we look up at our flag. It is from a collection called "Heart Songs and Home Songs." Mr. McCarthy has another inspiring patriotic poem called "A Song for the Flag." In these selections and others he shows a great affection for this Land of Opportunity.

The Right is More Precious than Peace is from one of President Wilson's eloquent and convincing statements of the reasons why America entered the Great War. Many other extracts from these addresses will be found in the four books of this series.

To comment upon them in these notes is unnecessary. They are models of the best thought of the age, expressed with such clearness, force and elegance as to cause them to be read all over the world with the greatest attention and respect.

A Brave Lady portrays the courage, the patience, and the resourcefulness found in the home on the frontier. This story is from a book of children's tales called "Two and One", by Charlotte M. Vaile.

The Mother's Story is from one of the finest poems of home life ever written, "Snowbound", by John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).

A Timely Jack-o'-Lantern is from "The American History Story-Book" by Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. It is interesting as showing the quick wit of a boy and the atmosphere of a frontier home.

Daniel Webster's Schooldays, written by the great orator himself, will be an inspiration to every boy, and will be especially encouraging to the very large number of boys who hate to "speak pieces."

The Lights is a poem in which the author, John Joy Bell, expresses beautifully in terms of human sympathy the thoughts of

welcome and farewell suggested by the lights upon the ships. This author has written many fine descriptive verses which are enjoyed by children.

The Youth of Washington is by Edward Everett, the famous statesman, orator and writer (1794-1865).

The Name of Washington is a noble tribute by one of our two greatest presidents, Abraham Lincoln, to the other.

When Banners are Waving is a bit of splendid poetry out of that past in which there was more of color and pageantry, but not more of bravery, than in the warfare of modern times.

A Troop of the Guard Rides Forth To-day was written as a Harvard Class Day ode by the author and patriot, Hermann Hagedorn. In all of his writings this author strives for the development of the highest American ideals.

The American Flag, by Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), is one of the finest and best known lyrics descriptive of our national emblem.

An Indian Boy's Training is from "An Indian Boyhood" by Dr. Charles A. Eastman, and possesses the great merit of being a chapter from the life of a real Indian boy, told by himself.

An Indian Boy's Stratagem is from the pen of a woman, Grace Coolidge, who has devoted her life to work among the Indians on their reservations.

Out Where the West Begins is one of the most beautiful and sympathetic descriptions ever written of that great and vastly important section of the United States which is often summed up in the phrase, "Out West." The author has written many other fine poems but the deep feeling, charming diction and the breezy Western atmosphere of this one cause it to be loved by every reader.

The County Fair, by Frank E. Martin and George M. Davis, is from a book called "Firebrands", all the stories of which teach the dangers of carelessness and methods of fire prevention.

My Little Gentleman, by Louisa M. Alcott (1832-1888), is from the first volume, "My Boys", of a series of jolly short stories for children called "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag." No American story-writer has been so popular with the young people of this country as Miss Alcott. Her works have been translated into many languages and are eagerly read by boys and girls all over the world,

The Name, the Boy and the Man, by Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875), teaches the folly of false pride, through the medium of one of this famous author's stories of home life.

Song for My Mother: Her Words, by Anna Hempstead Branch, is an exquisite tribute to a mother who "shapes her speech all silver fine", and it is also a clear and beautiful illustration of the words "that are as fair as bloom or air."

The Sick Child, by Laura E. Richards (1850), is from "The Silver Crown", a book of modern fables. There is an exquisite and peculiar quality in all of these fables that is felt by every one who reads them. They touch the heart, and we wish to be kinder and better after reading one of them. Mrs. Richards has written many other charming books for young people. Among them are "The Golden Windows", "Captain January", and "The Joyous Story of Toto."

Santa Claus, by Julia C. R. Dorr (1825-1913), is just the kind of poem that we like to learn and recite at the Christmas season.

The Miraculous Pitcher, by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), is the familiar story of hospitality and its rewards, dramatized for use in the schoolroom. This story, originally Greek, was retold in Latin for the Romans by the poet Ovid, and retold in English for young America by the famous novelist Hawthorne. The Elder Traveller and Quicksilver are in the Greek Zeus and Hermes, and in the Latin Jupiter and Mercury.

Life at Mount Vernon, by Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball, is in "Short Stories from American History." It is fitting that a description of the noble, dignified, hospitable life at Mount Vernon should follow the lessons taught in "The Miraculous Pitcher."

Tad and His Father, by F. Lauriston Bullard, is a most interesting and pathetic story, having for its theme the great love of Abraham Lincoln for his young son, and the pleasure the care-worn President found in the society of the lively boy.

Father is Coming is one of the few fine poems on the love of the family for the father. It was written by an English author, Mary Howitt, who described home life in such a manner as to make us see every detail of it and love it all.

A Day with a Courteous Mother, by Helen Hunt Jackson (1831-1885), is from "Bits of Talk." The behavior of this little group of

travellers is such as to make us admire each member of it and desire to be kindly and courteous ourselves. Mrs. Jackson wrote many stories and poems and is best remembered by her novel of Indian life, "Ramona."

Ben Gets a Place is from one of Miss Alcott's most delightful stories of home life, "Under the Lilacs."

Ben's Birthday is a continuation of the story of Ben in the good home that he found "Under the Lilacs."

The Housekeeper is by Charles Lamb (1775-1834), one of the most lovable and humorous of the English writers of essays. He is best known to children by his "Tales from Shakespeare", which he wrote with his sister Mary, and to their elders by his "Essays of Elia" and "A Dissertation on Roast Pig."

The Old Yellow Leather Book, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (1841-1885), is from a collection of humorous short stories for young people entitled "A Great Emergency and Other Tales." Mrs. Ewing wrote many good books for children. They describe life in England and India.

The Land of the Blue Flower teaches important truths in the form of a charming story. It is of especial interest to a generation that is just awakening to the economic and the moral values of gardening. Mrs. Burnett has written many successful stories for young and old. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe" have been read and enjoyed by all classes of readers.

Green Things Growing is by Dinah Mulock Craik (1826-1887), an English writer of poems and novels who is best known by her very popular book, "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Chandra's Thread of Luck is from "Chandra in India" by Etta Blaisdell McDonald. This is a fascinating book from the popular series, "Little People Everywhere", in which, in a style that is always interesting, as it is full of life and color, the author conducts her readers all over the world. "Manuel in Mexico", "Umé San in Japan", "Rafael in Italy", "Kathleen in Ireland", "Marta in Holland", "Boris in Russia" and "Colette in France" are the titles of some of these attractive volumes.

Brute Neighbors and **Winter Animals** are chapters from "Walden: A Story of Life in the Woods", by Henry D. Thoreau (1817-1862), a most interesting and original thinker and writer, who loved

Nature so well that he once lived alone for about two years in a hut on the shore of beautiful Walden Pond in Concord, Massachusetts, where he learned to know and love the birds, animals and natural life about him as few people have known and loved them.

A Boy's Remembrance of the Broad Country, by John Masefield, an English novelist and poet, is from a popular boy's book, "Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger." Mr. Masefield loves to write of the sea, and all his books for boys are attractive to those who enjoy stories of adventures on the "storm-tossed brine." This author has also written many dramas, poems and novels.

Clear and Cool, by Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), is by the author who is best known to children through "The Water Babies."

The Seasons, by Edmund Spenser (1552-1599), is from a poem which tells of country life through all the months of the year. This author, one of the early English writers of note, composed so delightful a poem called "The Faerie Queene" that his poetry has been said to be like "bars of gold ringing one upon another"; it has also been likened to melody "that leads into the gardens of endless delight."

A Bit of Green, by Juliana Horatia Ewing, is a story that makes us look out upon the green fields with a mist before our eyes, as we think that there are men and women in the world who, like the young man in this story, have never seen the lovely green grass and trees of the country.

The First Violets, by Anna Hempstead Branch, has just the joyful note that a poem of springtime should have. This would be a good selection to place in the chambers of memory, whence the charming phrases can be recalled as we look at the early violets.

Mr. Moon: A Song of the Little People, by the famous Canadian poet Bliss Carman, is one of the most exquisite poems descriptive of the "little people" ever written.

Mine Host of the Golden Apple is by Thomas Westwood (1814-1888), an English writer who is remembered by this one poem with its beautiful conceit of our good old friend the apple tree as a host.

Mabel on Midsummer's Day is another charming fairy story, which teaches a valuable lesson.

A Colossal Friend is by the great Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz. It is from the book, "In Desert and Wilderness", which

describes the adventures of two children who were stolen from their friends while travelling in Africa.

A Dog of Flanders, by Louise de la Ramée, is a touching story of the devotion of that faithful friend of man, the dog; a story of life in Belgium before the War.

A Sleighing Song, by Emily H. Miller, glides and sparkles along in such a delightful rhythm as to make one long for good old Winter and his sports.

Winter Animals is described under "Brute Neighbors."

Springtime is from "Pippa Passes", by Robert Browning (1812-1889). Pippa was a factory girl who sang this spring song as she went happily upon her way to the country on her one holiday of the year. As the sweet melody and joyous words flowed out upon the air the song was heard by several persons who were in danger or were sorely tempted, and it helped them to conquer the enemies and temptations that beset them. Thus the humble little Pippa performed a real service to others upon her holiday, although she did not know that any one had heard her song.

Columbia's Emblem is by Edna Dean Proctor, an American writer who conceived the idea of making the golden corn the emblem of the prosperity and the beauty of America. This author was greatly honored at the Columbus-Day celebration in 1892, as her ode, "Columbia's Banner", was used all over the country as a feature of the celebration.

Hark, Hark! the Lark, from "Cymbeline", and **Ariel's Song**, from "The Tempest", are two of the daintiest gems from the magic mind of the great Shakespeare (1564-1616).

When Life was Hard, by Thomas Bevan, is from "Stories from British History." These tales are interesting and are of value in awakening an appreciation of the blessings we enjoy through the toils and courageous effort of earlier generations.

Beni's Keeper, by Harriet Pearl Skinner, is from a fascinating book, "Boys Who Became Famous Men." Although these stories were prepared for boys, the style in which they are written makes them interesting to all classes of readers.

Columbus is the famous poem by Joaquin Miller (1841-1914) which has put new life and courage into many a person who has

read it. This is a good selection to recite on Columbus Day, October 12th.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin is a story in which the interest never flags as the classic tale is unfolded by the distinguished author, Robert Browning (1812-1889). The dramatization given here is based on the poem which follows.

The Duty of an American was written by one of the most conspicuous Americans of modern times, Theodore Roosevelt (1858). Mr Roosevelt has done more in his spare moments than most men have accomplished in a lifetime. He was not strong when young, but became a robust man through his life on a Western ranch. This life he has described in "Hunting Trips of a Ranch Man." Mr. Roosevelt is famous as a writer and traveller and was one of the most popular Presidents of the United States.

The Old Flag Forever is one of the favorite poems of the flag which every boy and girl will wish to store away in memory. The author, Frank L. Stanton, is a well-known Southern writer and editor.

The Memory of our Fathers, by Henry Ward Beecher, the noted clergyman and orator, is the kind of selection that American boys and girls should read frequently in order that they may realize the cost to their forefathers of the freedom and comfort of modern life, and that they may develop a sense of the responsibility that rests upon a generation with such a heritage.

Soldier, Rest! is from "The Lady of the Lake", that wonderful poem in which "The Wizard of the North" made famous the region of the Trossachs.

The Happy Man. It is well to study this poem of the man content with a quiet, useful life, after reading of the stirring life of the soldier. Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639), an Englishman, was the author.

True Bravery, by Charles F. Dole, makes us realize that many persons who are not soldiers perform brave deeds and give their lives in times of peace to the cause of humanity.

Freedom, Our Queen is by Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894). Dr. Holmes was the author of many poems and of some delightful stories. He once wrote to the children of Cincinnati that he wished to be remembered by "The Chambered Nautilus", "The Living Temple" and "The Promise", and of these his favorite was

"The Chambered Nautilus." Among his many books perhaps the best known is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Foundation Stones of Life are thoughts which are like the solid granite for strength and the sparkling diamond for beauty. They embody the wisdom of the brightest minds. We should learn these while our memory is strong, even if we do not then see all of their meaning and beauty. The experiences of life will steadily throw new light upon them and they will help when wise counsel is needed.

The Boy and the Flag, by John Clair Minot, brings home to the boy and to every reader the real significance of our nation's banner.

Sing for Your Own Valley is by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) one of the most popular of American writers. "The Bird's Christmas Carol" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" are among her best stories for young people.

The Land of Liberty has so good a rhythm and sentiment that we wish we knew who wrote it. It is inspiring, though, to think that words do not die, and that this tribute to his native land will live even though the author is unknown.

To America is the eloquent appeal of a modern poet to the highest ideals of her countrymen.

The Star-Spangled Banner was written by Francis Scott Key (1780-1843) while he was on board a vessel of the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort McHenry in 1814. "The dawn's early light" enabled him to see the American Flag still waving over the fort, and in his joy he wrote the poem which has been adopted as our national anthem.

Home, Sweet Home was written as a song in an opera by John Howard Payne (1792-1852), who for many years was a consul of the United States in Tunis, Africa, where he died "an exile from home."

America was written by Rev. Samuel F. Smith in 1832, and was first sung in Park Street Church, Boston. Its noble sentiment, expressed in smoothly flowing lines, touched the hearts of all Americans, and it has been the best loved and the best known of any of the songs of the nation. The fact that the poem was set to the music of the British national anthem has been regarded as somewhat unfortunate, but any attempts to adapt the words to another melody have proved that words and music are firmly united and enshrined in the hearts of the American people.



